

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

MARCH, 1863.

ART. I.—DR. DOYLE.

The Life, Times, and Correspondence of the RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE, Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. By WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK, J. P. From the Dublin Edition. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 1862.

THIS able work, at once historical and biographical, has been excellently republished by Mr. Donahoe: the volumes are elegant, the type clear and readable, the price moderate.

The work will be our text in this article, and mainly our authority. We propose by its aid to sketch the life, character, genius, and times of an extraordinary man,—a man whose intellectual power, moral courage, and commanding social influence were made known by the great force which he wielded in the affairs of his country during one of those periods of conflict in the succession of which the national life of Ireland has principally consisted, and the record of which constitutes Irish history. This man was the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle, some thirty years ago Roman Catholic Bishop of Kildare and Leighlin. His public writings were all under the signature of J. K. L., the initials of “James,” “Kildare,” “Leighlin,”—and thus indicative of his name and office. The Life of Dr. Doyle brings us into close communion with an interval second in importance and solemnity in the concerns of the British islands only to the days of Charles the First and of Cromwell. Those islands, particularly Ireland, became, while Dr. Doyle lived, the stage of an alarming drama, in which mighty tribunes,

statesmen, and orators were not alone the actors, but also maddened millions. The catastrophe seemed big with fate. The grumblings and popular discontent, not merely in Ireland, but likewise in Great Britain, arose from murmurs, which had been scorned or disregarded, to the portents of a stupendous tempest, that might suddenly burst from thick and outspread darkness, and cover the land with anarchy and ruin. There is, therefore, an interest in this book which is beyond that of the battles of churches or the strifes of parties. There is human interest in it, — interest that is political, historical, and moral. Although we shall have to dwell not a little on the battles of churches and on the strifes of parties, it is yet the relations which they bear to ideas and principles that we keep most in view.

JAMES WARREN DOYLE, the son of James Doyle, a respectable farmer near New Ross, in the county of Wexford, was born in the autumn of 1786. His father had died some weeks before his birth. His mother, Anne Warren, was a second wife. She was of Quaker descent, and a woman of determined moral firmness. A very characteristic anecdote is told of her. When she came near to the critical period, when she must have medical attendance, but could not afford to have a physician from a distance, she walked some miles into town, took a cheap lodging, and put herself under the care of Dr. James Doyle, a man of considerable local eminence in his profession. This is a singular instance of sturdy independence, since the doctor was her own step-son, and the little stranger whom he introduced into the world was, accordingly, his half-brother. When Dr. Doyle was eleven years old, he witnessed the most terrific doings of the Irish rebellion in 1798. In Ross and around it that rebellion raged with its utmost fury. Having on one occasion strolled into fields where fighting came on, he narrowly escaped from being shot. He very early felt a vocation for the priesthood, and began the preparation for it. The teaching of childhood he had from his mother; classical education he received in an Augustinian monastery, where he joined that order; his academical and clerical training he obtained in the University of Coimbra, Portugal. Dr. Doyle, when about eighteen years of age, lost his mother, to whom

he was infinitely indebted, to whom in return he was infinitely devoted. He seems even in youth to have had large intellectual tastes, and to have cultivated them by large and various reading. But he was not a mere bookworm; he was ready for action, when action was duty. On the invasion of Portugal by the French, young Doyle manfully shouldered his musket, and did such service faithfully as he was appointed to do. Sir Arthur Wellesley was cordial to him. "I was," says Dr. Doyle, "a sort of nondescript with the rank of captain, and an interpreter between the English and Portuguese armies. I was present at the battles of Caldas, Rolica, and Vimiero; I was greatly exposed to the fire of the enemy, as I was obliged to keep going to and fro with orders and despatches to the Portuguese general. He brought up General Anstruther's division, then returning from Sweden, within a comparatively short distance of Vimiero. They were in time to take their position in the field, and contributed to the success of that great day." But if young Doyle put on the soldier, he did not put off the saint. "Before and during the bloody engagements," he says, at Rolica, where the French lost fifteen hundred men, "I was intrenched behind a strong wind-mill, ball-proof, employed in giving spiritual assistance to a number of soldiers, who, knowing that I was in priest's orders, sought my aid."

Dr. Doyle returned to Ireland in 1808, to enter on the offices of teacher and of priest. He did not found the Roman Catholic college of Carlow, but he inspired it with new life, and gave it much of the power of his own character. He was Professor of Rhetoric. Notwithstanding his foreign education, and such a ludicrous pronunciation of English as used at first to make the students laugh, he yet imbued them with a manly taste. He overcame his own difficulties of expression, and cultivated for himself a style of uncommon clearness, flexibility, purity, and power. Afterwards he became, for a time, Professor of Theology. The severe duties of his professorship he most successfully discharged in connection with his labors as a priest. From these humble yet exalted functions he was called, in 1819, to be a Bishop by the united voice of the clergy in the diocese, with the applauding consent of the Episcopacy in the kingdom, and with the unanimous approval of the authorities

in Rome. He was then not three months beyond thirty years of age. He ruled his diocese with the force of a commanding and controlling mind, but also with the heart of a gentle, charitable, hospitable Christian pastor. Without neglecting in the least degree the greatest of his sacerdotal toils, he entered with abundant zeal into the politics which vitally concerned his country and his creed. A public writer of such special political ability as J. K. L. had not appeared since the days of Junius. Dr. Doyle died on the 15th of June, in the forty-eighth year of his age. As in the case of many other eminent men, all sorts of absurd stories were circulated regarding the state of mind in which he died. His political and polemical opponents would not let even his remains be at peace. Some asserted that he died an infidel. Others, softening the fact, but not the scandal, reported that he refused the last rites of his Church. There were persons who sturdily maintained that he died a Protestant. Although there were more than a jury of eyewitnesses, male and female, lay and clerical, who knew the falsehood of these statements, and most solemnly denied their truth, zealots still continued to affirm them, and even to write bad and bulky pamphlets to prove them. But what will not zealots do for any creed or any cause? They are the blind, that will not see the light, shine it ever so clearly; they voluntarily make themselves blind, that they may not see the light; they are the deaf, that stuff their own ears to shut out hearing, and then insist that the sound of a trumpet is like the color of a rose. They have faith in nothing but their own illusions; they take their own narrow prejudices for universal and eternal facts; and when realities are asserted in contradiction to their prejudices, they *hate* the realities, and they *hate* those who assert them. They are in the universe, by their own passionate perverseness, infinite blunders; as the ignorant confound the meanings of *shall* and *will*, zealots purposely reverse them, and, shouting defiance to everlasting truth, exclaim, "We *will* be drowned, and no veracity *shall* save us."

The matter of fact in the case before us is that the Rt. Rev. Dr. Doyle died simply as a Christian, and as a Roman Catholic bishop. He died in the creed in which he was educated, to which

he had devoted his life and labors; which he had preached so eloquently; which he had so ably defended: he died surrounded by its ministers; he died with such faith and hope in God, in Jesus, in immortality, as any Christian feels to be the blessedness of the death-bed. There was in the nature of Dr. Doyle a strange combination of the Stoic and the Christian. When very near to death, he was asked by his Vicar-General if he did not wish to live longer. "About my death or recovery," said he, "I feel perfectly indifferent. I came into the world without any exercise of my own will, and it is only fitting that I should leave it in the same manner. I never knew any one who wished to live longer in order to do a great deal of good, who did not do a great deal of harm. All my hopes are in the mercies of God. Am I not as near them now as if I were to remain forty years longer on earth?"

If we were to use only a single word to indicate the predominating element in the character of Bishop Doyle, that word would be *strength*. Strength was the ruling quality of his inward and his outward life, — strength of motive, strength of principle, strength of purpose. He always seemed to have a powerful conception of the reason and the right of whatever he did or proposed to do; and having this conception, his persistence and perseverance in giving it reality, or in sustaining the reality which involved it, were heroic and invincible. Once that his end was determined, he shrank from no labor, no sacrifice, no pain, suffering, loss, or danger, to reach it; but yet to reach it by worthy means. The strength of Dr. Doyle's character appears from whatever direction we consider it. It appears in his private and public life; it appears in his conduct as child, relative, friend, opponent; as pupil, student, teacher; as priest and prelate; as speaker and writer; as patriot and politician; and this integrity of moral force gave a most compact unity to the whole man. But moral force corresponded with an equal degree of intellectual force; and in such correspondence was the completeness of its power. There are men whose conscience is beyond suspicion, one might almost say beyond temptation, who yet, from want of mental balance, fail in moral wisdom, and do not rise to the higher order of virtues. The very source of their excellence is also, in a certain

sense, the source of their weakness ; so they become obstinate, or bigoted, or intolerant, or fanatical, or contentious, or meddlesome, or visionary ; prostrated under a mistaken sense of obligation, or puffed up with an overbearing zeal, they often only irritate when they mean to improve, and, with the best intentions, are most mischievous in their actions. A man of weak understanding may be a good man ; but his goodness should be active humbly within the sphere of his capacity, in mind as in means : to be a great man as well as a good man, there must be a strong understanding ; and this Dr. Doyle possessed. This, indeed, was his most prominent mental faculty. Not deficient in imagination, in feeling, or in the sense of beauty, he was behind no man of his day in the vigor of his intellect. The force which this, united with conscience, gave to his character — if not modified by human sympathy and softened by Christian graces — might have become stern and unrelenting rigor. On occasions, Dr. Doyle approached the limit of a charitable severity.

No individual character consists of a single and simple principle ; but that we have stated the ruling one in the character of Dr. Doyle will, we think, be confirmed by such other qualities of his moral nature as our space will allow us to designate. He was of undaunted courage, — physical as well as moral. We have already mentioned how manfully he shouldered his musket, under Wellington, when the French invaded Portugal. He, an ecclesiastical student, was ready for strife, when duty told him that the cause was just. Such examples as his are of great value. They clear the clerical profession from the accusation of having refuge in more than a womanly security from danger ; and one of the noblest lessons which our own sad war has taught us is written on the bloody graves to which our brave clergymen, of all creeds, have been sent, in their noble zeal for the discharge of their obligations as citizens and as priests. This is as it should be. The men who would inspire faith in another world must show us that they are without fear in this world. We must revere those who would instruct us ; and neither in respect to the present world nor the future can we listen with attention or edification to a craven. How can we think that the man who trembles at the

sound of a pistol believes in immortality? How can we think that the man who quails before the danger of losing bodily life believes in the eternal reality of spiritual life? It is well, therefore, even for the sake of moral influence, that our clergy should give the world assurance that they are men. They have boldly given such assurance. We have ourselves never assented to the doctrines of the Peace Society; we have not scoffed or laughed at them; but, taking men as they are, and as they are likely to be, we had no faith in these doctrines. We have listened to preachers whose words were soft and sweet, — were like to those of Christian girlhood, meek and lowly, — indeed, as opposite to war as milk and honey are to gunpowder and cannon-shot. We have lived to hear such voices shrill like the sounds of trumpets, and their exhortations as calls to battle; to see priestly boldness as that of mighty captains; priestly death as that of martyrs; and we have said to ourselves, “Well done, grand souls! the stuff of manly greatness was in you, and sainthood was but the sanctification of heroism.” Dr. Doyle eloquently vindicated the profession of arms, and declared that, had he not been called to a higher, arms would have been his own profession. “From my earliest youth,” he says, “fear has been a feeling utterly unknown to me. I know not what it is, and, unless from the knowledge one gathers from common report, I know not what it is like.”

Perhaps this explains his power as a polemic. And yet he says, “I dislike controversy.” This great courage of his was displayed on several momentous occasions; as, for instance, in his several examinations before the High Court of Parliament. To stand before the choice men of the British Lords and Commons requires not only no ordinary intelligence, but no ordinary firmness. Very powerful men have broken down in the trial, and utterly disappointed the statesmen who summoned them as witnesses. On the contrary, Dr. Doyle did not tremble before the elect wisdom of the British empire; he was calm and fearless in the midst of most formidable opponents, — for a great number of his Parliamentary questioners took the position of antagonists. Dr. Doyle in very important instances stood against O’Connell. At what risk of popularity he did this, we learn from himself. Requested, in a special

case, to resist O'Connell, "If I should do so," he replied, "the people of my own household would desert me." Nor did he shun the bodily danger which, even among portions of his own people, at one time seemed to threaten the most sacred personages. When not only landlords, land-jobbers, magistrates, constables, informers, tithe-proctors, process-servers, sheriffs, attorneys, and all such, were murdered, but even when priests themselves were assassinated, Dr. Doyle ventured into the most disturbed districts, and spoke to assemblies of fierce and reckless men, with bold and indignant eloquence. This courageous spirit Dr. Doyle evinced in speaking of Ireland itself. There are two conditions in civilized society in which national criticism, from within or from without, will not be tolerated. One is, when the country is young, strong, prosperous, full of energy, full of hope. Its fortune is the future, its possession is the immeasurable. Ideas take the place of experience. National criticism, in any form, — such as satire, ridicule, caricature, or indignant expostulation, — becomes a risk that the boldest will not undertake; or which, if ventured on, soon drives the critics to silence or despair. The individual must join the chorus of the country, or modestly hold his peace. The other is, when the country is old; when it has lost its independence, and when its glory is in the past. The national affection is then in its traditions, and patriotism is more a sentiment of memory than of aspiration. Such a country has been Ireland. It is very sensitive. It holds closely, like a miser, all its hoarded wealth of national and proud recollections. Because impoverished in the present, it is all the more jealous of the past. And this treasure of national emotion is kept with the most watchful care in every genuinely Irish heart, from that of the laborer to that of the lord. It is difficult, therefore, to touch this sensibility, however innocently, without giving mortal offence. In the degree that the Irish have suffered pain, poverty, and historical humiliation, they bitterly resent even kindly strictures on their character or annals. Yet Dr. Doyle, in writing to a friend, says of Ireland: "Our origin and early possession of letters, and consequently of a certain degree of civilization, are, I think, points settled; but I cannot hide from myself that,

though we possessed at certain periods a relative superiority over other countries, we never attained eminence as a nation." He then goes on to show how people with fewer advantages than the ancient Irish organized solid governments and secured their independence.

The strength of mind and of character which gives a man courage and candor saves him from being a bigot, and gives him a generous liberality of spirit. A zealous man is not necessarily a bigot. We have no right to complain of the scrupulousness, of the steadfastness, with which a man adheres to his creed, or of his devotion to the duties which it imposes, so long as he is faithful to social courtesies and to all natural and divine charities. It is his want of these, and not his belief, that makes him a bigot. The fact is, that, at least in this period of Christendom, bigotry is often more in the blood than in belief; more a thing of temper than of theology. No man could be more firmly attached to his Church than was Dr. Doyle; but this attachment interfered with no honorable affection, with no kindness of humanity. Some of his most lovingly eloquent letters are to a lady who not only left the Roman Catholic religion, but became an enthusiastic opponent of it. She always had his friendship, and was ever welcome to his presence and to his house. "From my infancy," he says, "I never felt a dislike to any man on account of his religion. I have long had, among my most early and intimate friends, and still have, members of the Established Church and other Protestant communities, in whom I confide and whom I love as much as I do any people upon earth; and if I had to choose a friend to whom I would confide my life or my honor, whether among people high in station or low, I should, at least among those high in station, prefer some of my Protestant friends to any others in the world." This was said, not in private correspondence or conversation, but before the assembled Commons of the British nation. Being told how ill an opinion the clergy of the Established Church had of him, he thus wrote: "They are mistaken. I hate their excessive Establishment; . . . yet I respect them generally as a class of men, eminent many of them for their domestic virtues as well as for their literary acquirements." He condemned as forcible

bly as any man could all temporal penalties and punishments in matters of religion. He gives up to reprobation all those who inflicted them and all those who would counsel their infliction, whether in Protestant or Roman Catholic states.

He was a strict man in all the relations of his authority. He was strict as a professor with his pupils. He was strict as a bishop with his priests. He forbade them to go to theatres, to attend races, to enter into field-sports, or to engage in secular employments or pursuits. He would not allow a priest to farm more than fourteen acres of land. He was jealous for the dignity of the priestly character even in externals. He was neat in his own dress, and he was anxious that his clergy should be so in theirs. He disliked a sloven or a clown in the priesthood. He used stimulants very slightly; he did not actually forbid them to priests, but he was extremely averse to the use of ardent spirits. When dying, a niece of his came to see him, and insisted that he should take some claret; but the only bottle that was in the house was one which she herself had brought. He was a strict casuist. The Professor of Ethics in Maynooth maintained that an insolvent debtor, when legally discharged, was not morally bound, in future prosperity, to pay his creditors. Dr. Doyle opposed this doctrine in an able refutation, and showed that an honest debt was a perpetual obligation, from which no really honest man felt himself morally relieved, except by inability to pay it. But however strict the Bishop was with others, he was strictest of all with himself. He would accept no gifts. "They corrupt," he said, "the heart, abase the mind, and pervert the conscience." He was offered patronage for his friends by the Irish government; but he would have none of it. "My kingdom," he replied, "is not of this world. I have no link to bind me to it." A lady had forced on him the present of a carriage, but only in a single instance did he ever enter it. "Whatever," he observes, "people may say of me, they shall never have it to say that I rode in my carriage." "I have not," he writes to a friend, "a coat to my back, not a shoe to my foot, and yet you talk of carriages. . . . Coach indeed! I have not even a horse; for my horse became broken-winded, and is now at cure,—so that, with the ex-

ception of those animals found in cellars, my whole stock of four-footed creatures consists of a borrowed donkey, which, however, I do not ride." Bishop though he was, he writes to a friend, "I have been trying to make up the price of a new pair of shoes." He was happy through life in this honorable poverty. When a professor in Carlow College in 1814, he writes to one of his family: "I have little to say; if good health, a good fireside, plenty of labor, plenty of money, and a good name be advantages, I enjoy them to the fullest extent." Yet his salary was at the utmost only £25 a year. His charity was unfailing, and his hospitality most generous, — although, as a bishop, he was comparatively as poor as when he had been only a professor. He constantly kept a stock of bread and ale on hand for the refreshment of the poor. At Christmas he had oxen killed, and with beef he distributed clothing and blankets. Yet earnest preacher as Dr. Doyle was of personal beneficence, and high example as he was in the practice of it, he was, at the same time, the most strenuous advocate of a legal provision for the poor. Whether for good or evil, the poor-law system of Ireland is in a great measure owing to Dr. Doyle. Both good and evil belong to the system in Ireland, as to all human institutions everywhere; but whether the good overbalances the evil in the poor-laws in Ireland we cannot venture to say; but the state of the country and of the poor seemed imperatively then to demand some method of legally providing for the destitute. And this was the general import of Dr. Doyle's arguments. Whatever vices or abuses have entered into the administration of the Irish poor-laws, the institution of them became inevitable. Owing to extensive absenteeism among the owners of Irish estates, and the inaccessibility to those who remained at home, — for beggars were seldom allowed to enter even their uttermost gates, — the whole burden of pauperism was borne by the middle classes, and by classes themselves on the verge of pauperism, or even within it. It was right that property should not be left thus free; if it did not do its duty voluntarily, it was right that it should be forced to do it. And yet it may be questioned whether the penalty it paid at last was not too stern. Lordly mansions became poor-houses, and

some owners of such mansions were afterwards among the pauper inmates of them.

It was not Christmas alone that Dr. Doyle consecrated by special bounty to the poor; he commemorated other festivals in the same manner. He was a cheerful giver, and a gentle one. To whomsoever he might be severe, he was to the destitute as meek in manner as he was merciful in action. He did not mock their poverty by insult or by rudeness; and whether blameless or otherwise, it was a claim to his respect as well as pity. He did not relieve with the hand and wound with the lips. He only desired to know that the want was real, and then he ministered to it, to the extent of his means.

Nor was his compassion to the wants of the body alone; it extended still more deeply to the woes of the soul. Any soul burdened with grief, doubt, or sin had free access to him; its complaint was heard; such counsel or consolation as its case needed was given; and it did not matter whether the soul occupied the most lofty station in society, or the most lowly. When occupied by his episcopal duties, busy in the building of a cathedral, immersed in all sorts of controversies, — when his pen was guiding the political opinions of millions, and his fame filled Europe, — he was yet as laborious in the confessional as the humblest of his curates; nay, if a ragged beggar came to him specially, in distress of conscience, the Bishop as willingly gave him audience as he would in like case have given it to a mighty prince.

Strict man though he was, all the affections were powerful in his noble nature. He loved his kindred with all the tenderness of family instinct; he loved his friends with a generous and cordial confidence; he loved his enemies — if enemies he had — with Christian charity; he loved humanity with a fullness of regard which excluded no man from his pity or esteem; and he loved his country with the utmost passion of a patriot. Strict though the Bishop was, priests would sometimes “poke fun” at him. At a certain visitation, he rebuked a clergyman for irregularities in his parish. “I was much concerned,” said he, “to observe, on this day, two of your parishioners fighting like a brace of bull-dogs.” “My Lord,” replied the priest, “the two men whom you observed boxing to-day were

tailors from Carlow ; and your Lordship will admit, that, if *you* could effect no reformation in their lives at Carlow, it is unreasonable to expect that I could do so here, where they are merely birds of passage." "Never did any Christian pastor," writes Thackeray, in his *Irish Sketch-Book*, referring to Dr. Doyle, "merit the affection of his flock more than that great and high-minded man. He was the best champion the Catholic Church and cause ever had in Ireland ; — in learning, and admirable kindness, and virtue, the best example to the clergy of his religion ; and if the country is now filled with schools, where the humblest peasant in it can have the benefit of a liberal and wholesome education, it owes this great boon mainly to his noble exertions and to the noble spirit which they awakened."

We cannot discuss at much length the genius of Dr. Doyle. The most powerful faculty in it was his vigorous understanding. All the other faculties were in subordination to this. Intellect ruled his mind with as rigorous a discipline as he himself ruled his diocese. He was not speculative, soaring, or imaginative ; he was mostly on the solid ground, close to his subject ; and in public affairs he was always more the statesman than the philosopher. He was a great logician ; but logic was his servant, not his lord. The art had become so natural to him, was so identical with the action of his thought, that, as a good speaker or writer does with the rules of grammar, being in full possession of the spirit, he threw away the forms. It was the same with rhetoric. He had thoroughly studied it, as the art of expression ; but when he had gained power in the *spirit* of expression, he cared nothing for the technicalities. Perhaps no writer was ever more free from stiffness or mannerism than Dr. Doyle. This freedom is to be obtained, not only by ability, but by an instinct for the right use of words, trained by exercise and experience. It is also aided by wide conversation with men, with real life, and with history. Best of all, it is cultivated by having interests that heartily engage the mind, and become the stimulants of action. Then language is used unconsciously ; it is a medium through which thought passes on to its end, without stopping to examine curiously the nature of the way. A tailor is not at ease in his

clothes, because his attention is always occupied in making clothes. A dancing-master — the instructor of others in graceful movement — is usually himself, away from his lessons, awkward and ungainly, because his attention dwells on modes of movement. A professional elocutionist, who teaches others to speak and read, — and teaches them successfully, — is seldom himself a good speaker or reader, because his attention is absorbed in the processes of speaking and reading. And we know of learned authors on the English language who themselves write execrable English: this, too, may be because their attention is fixed on the construction of the language, instead of their energies being engaged in the use of it, in literature or life. Dr. Doyle spoke and wrote freely and forcibly, because his attention was not on speaking or writing, but on the *objects* which he hoped by speaking and writing to accomplish. He was a great master of statement and of argument, — clear and strong in both. He was always practical and to the point. So little was he given to all that was extraneous to his topic, in embellishment, sentiment, or thought, that, Irishman though he was to the utmost, his style seemed to have been formed rather by the severest culture of England than by the impulsive culture of his own country. He was not, in the poetic sense, imaginative; but he had passion and conviction which raised his thinking into eloquence, — often indignant, often persuasive, often pathetic. He had fancy which could sharpen his thinking into wit; he had, when morally provoked, an energy of scorn that turned his thinking into barbs of sarcasm, which he hurled with such directness that they never missed their aim, and with such force that, though the wounds they inflicted might possibly be healed, they could never be forgotten. His intellect was aided by an enormous memory. “My memory,” said Dr. Doyle to a friend, “is singularly tenacious. I never read an able argument, from the earliest period of my life to this hour, that is not distinctly inscribed on the tablet of my mind; and I protest I think, that, were it necessary, I could take my oath of the precise page whereon any remarkable theological opinion is recorded.” This is like Niebuhr, who thought that his health was on the decline when his memory required the slightest effort; for the normal state of that mem-

ory seemed to be rather the intuition of a present consciousness than the recalling of a past consciousness, so easy was its action.

Able as Dr. Doyle was in his writings, his greatest mental triumphs were before the Houses of Parliament. In 1825 he was examined before committees of the Commons and of the Lords, in relation to the question of Catholic emancipation. In 1830 he was examined before a committee of the Commons, in relation to a legal provision for the poor. In 1832 he was examined before committees of the Commons and of the Lords, in relation to the question of tithes. His answers in the first examination would form a folio of divinity; in the second, a body of social science; and in the third, a treatise on Church History and Ecclesiastical Antiquities. The questions put to him in the second examination amounted to 468, and his replies often extended to disquisitions. In the first examination, he was warned by a friend that it would be entirely theological, the questions being prepared by the ablest divines from Oxford and Cambridge. The friend hoped that he was supplied with such works for consultation as would enable him to go safely through this ordeal. The Bishop assured his friend that he brought no book with him but his Breviary. It was as his friend foretold it would be, a comprehensive, searching, polemical, theological examination. But the Doctor had, as we have seen, a vast memory; he was not only a most learned priest, but also a most learned lawyer; he had knowledge enough to confute his questioners, and when he pleased, he had art enough to confound them. He was offered books in abundance, but he had little need of them, and he little used them. He says himself of this examination: "I found it easier to answer the bishops than the lords." His success delighted his friends, and gained admiration from even his opponents. Stanley, one of the most determined of these, paid the highest tribute to the talents of Dr. Doyle. An eminent peer declared that "Dr. Doyle as far surpassed O'Connell as O'Connell surpassed other men." "Well, Duke," observed another peer, who met Wellington as he was leaving the committee-room, "are you examining Dr. Doyle?" "No," said his Grace, dryly, "Dr. Doyle is examining us." It has been

said that the impression of this examination on the Duke's mind tended considerably towards his ultimate treatment of the Catholic question. "Who is there," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "of the Established clergy, either of England, Ireland, or Scotland, for instance, to compare with Dr. Doyle? Compare his evidence before the poor-law committee with that of Dr. Chalmers, for instance, and the superiority appears immense."

Dr. Doyle's power of labor was incredible; and yet his readiness and versatility were equal to his power. He appeared before these committees day after day, and remained before them several hours at a time. He had to be prepared to meet all sorts of questions, on all sorts of subjects, and to answer them on the moment. He not only answered them, but he answered them with a surplus wealth of knowledge. His mental treasury and his physical force seemed alike inexhaustible, and at the close of each day's toil his strength seemed as unabated as it had been at the beginning. The members of the committee were arranged in the form of a horse-shoe. Dr. Doyle stood or sat within the hollow space. When excited, he arose, and often pursued a long and connected oration, which so chained the attention of his auditory that he was rarely interrupted.

His whole life was full of labor. He was not only strict in the duties of his office, but he enlarged those that were ordinary, and created others that were extraordinary. He was never without some public or patriotic demand that taxed his talents and his time. His fame made him a marked man for all sorts of attacks. He kept up a most extensive correspondence, political, ecclesiastical, and with his family and his friends. If we wonder that a man of such surprising abilities left no single great work, we must take these circumstances into account, and we must also remember the early age at which Dr. Doyle died. If the topics on which he wrote were temporary in duration, in the importance of consequences they had an everlasting interest. He so regarded and so treated them. But though the occasions which called forth his genius have passed away, not so his fame. That is immortal; and while Ireland cherishes love, gratitude, or admiration for the

n,
's
of
g
o-
?
at
's

's
o-
d
d
o
,
e.
i-
h
e
a
.
-
t

n
-
s
s
:
-
s
s
s
s



memory of those who have been devoted to her good, and have shed glory on her name, James Warren Doyle will be ranked among the brightest of her minds and among the greatest of her sons.

We shall not be able to expatiate on the times of Dr. Doyle with the fulness which we had originally intended. They were times full of agitations. We shall review some of the most prominent ; such as the collective polemical exertions for Protestantizing the Catholics ; the struggle of the Catholics for political emancipation ; and, lastly, their opposition to tithes.

We do not impeach the motives of those who combined in the attempt to make Ireland a Protestant country. Christianity is essentially a proselytizing religion. It is not out of order that modifications of it have the same spirit, and of this spirit Protestantism has inherited an ample portion. Not only churches, but every individual of strong and sincere convictions, should desire to make others partakers of them. But he must be amenable to all the laws of charity, courtesy, and reason, even when he believes that these convictions are needful to man's temporal and eternal welfare. No duty calls on him to be obtrusive or aggressive ; to use arts which integrity does not sanction, even for this solemn purpose ; he is not justified in abusing power for it, or in taking unfair advantage of opportunities, or in employing the influence of threats, promises, or favors. Not only does duty not require such endeavors, it indignantly forbids them. We will not say that policy excited this spiritual crusade against the Catholics ; but if it succeeded, it would have admirably served policy. Some of the most active in the crusade were clergy of the Established Church. Now as this Church in Ireland was, and still indeed is, but the Church of a few, its claim to a national endowment, and a revenue paid by a vast majority who denied its doctrines and rejected its services, seemed, even to not a few of its own members, grossly unjust. But could this vast majority be converted to the Establishment, then, as the Church of the nation not only in name, but in reality, its claim would have a moral as well as a legal validity. If success came not, the failure arose from no want of zeal, energy, or perseverance. The apostleship included all orders of workers, lay and

clerical, from peers and bishops to tract-distributers and Bible-readers; from the countess of the castle to the mistress of the village-school. Some temporary results were obtained; a seed here and there seemed to take root; it grew quickly, and as quickly withered. Where an abundant harvest had been hoped for, behold, all was barren. The relapsed converts even mocked those whom they had deceived, and laughed at the folly of their learned dupes. How success could have been expected otherwise than by miracle is to us a marvel. The Catholic Irish have intensely the religious temperament, and they have been always ardently attached to the Church of Rome. This attachment in itself it would be inconceivably difficult to overcome. But when we connect it with the circumstances and history of the Catholic Irish, nothing in all the wildness of a dream seems so unreal as those attempts to make them Protestants. The Irish are a people susceptible of the most vivid impressions of the present, and have far-reaching and tenacious memories of the past. How would this present and this past influence them towards Protestantism? The lands which their forefathers owned, they saw Protestants living on as lords, while they toiled on them as serfs, — and, indeed, rejoiced when they got leave to toil. The castles which their ancestors held they saw monuments of humiliating ruin, and in such of them as still retained their olden splendor, Protestants were the inhabitants. The grand cathedrals and abbeys, which had once beautified the country, they saw given to the owls and to the bats, and the princely incomes which had belonged to them they saw go into the coffers of a Protestant hierarchy. They remembered that the predecessors of the priests, from whom the preachers sought to win them, had been hunted like wild beasts by Protestant persecution. They remembered that the laws which deprived them of all inheritance on their native soil, of all right to property, that the laws which deprived their ancestors of natural domestic rights, which deprived Catholic children of education, and encouraged them to violate the most sacred of human instincts, — they remembered that all these were Protestant laws. Nay, more, the missionaries who expected the Catholic Irish to become Protestants acted — as far as the spirit of the age

allowed — in the spirit of those laws. They held up the clergy of the people to unmitigated odium, and exhausted on them the whole vocabulary of denunciation and contempt. They rudely scorned all the beliefs and feelings which the people held as the most consecrated in the inmost sanctuaries of their religious affections. Beyond this, these missionaries were the most virulent opponents against the struggles of the people for the enjoyment of national and civic rights. They were zealous *for* the emancipation of the West Indian negro, and equally zealous *against* the emancipation of the Irish Catholic; yet these were the men who thought that they had divinely assigned to them the duty, and the gifts, and the fitness to turn a rusty Irish Catholic into a brightly-plated Brummagem Protestant.

The part which Dr. Doyle took in these controversies was seldom purely theological. His polemics were usually incidental to his patriotism, and the defence of his Church was generally connected with that of the civil claims of its members. We shall select but one opponent with whom he powerfully grappled, — we mean Archbishop Magee, author of a celebrated work on the Atonement. A few remarks on the Archbishop and his work may interest our readers. He was a native of Enniskillen, the son of a respectable but reduced merchant, and was born about 1764. He was educated at the expense of a wealthy relative. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, when he was only fifteen, and had for fellow-students Plunket and Thomas Addis Emmet. He was diligent in study and cheerful in temper; he loved the society of maidens, and the pursuit of mathematics; he had extraordinary skill in dancing and diaphantines. He obtained a fellowship, and, considering the enormous amount of learning and science demanded in the Dublin University in the candidate for such an office, the success of a young man in gaining it gave him deservedly very high distinction. He entered into orders, and, in spite of the law which enjoined celibacy on the fellows, and which he was sworn to observe, he married. In early life, he was a radical, — a hater of England and an opponent of the union. He was Irish of the Irish. Change of conviction, and with it change of colors, came in time. Poor and outcast

liberalism gave place to prosperous and exultant toryism, and rebellious green bloomed into loyal orange. Magee became Dean of Cork, and, in due season, Archbishop of Dublin. Theological conversion, even with the greatest abilities, is seldom so favorable to ambition as political conversion. Kirwin, the most eloquent of preachers, of whom Grattan said, that "he awoke the slumbers of the Irish pulpit, and exhausted the oil of life in feeding the lamp of charity," changed his religion, and died in a wretched deanery; Magee changed his politics, and died in a wealthy archbishopric.

We allude to the Archbishop's book, not to review or criticise it, but on account of some circumstances connected with it. Learned men have impeached the originality of this book, both as to its learning and its argument; but all candid readers will confess that there is a polemical bitterness in it which is all the author's own. His work, on a certain occasion, became of value to a class of theologians who desire to appear learned in theology-made-easy, and whose bigotry is commonly as deep as their scholarship is shallow. About the year 1839, thirteen Evangelical clergymen of the Established Church undertook to preach weekly a series of thirteen lectures, in Liverpool, against Socinianism. Accordingly, one morning all the Liverpool Socinians saw placards staring them in the face, exhorting them to attend thirteen lectures by learned and godly men, which were to convert them from the iniquity of their heresy, and save them from the error of their ways. Three unaided Unitarian ministers of the place—though scornfully left out of notice by these learned and godly men—felt it their duty to interfere, and announced a counter series of thirteen lectures. Thus arose what was called "The Liverpool Controversy." After the thirteen reverend gentlemen had been compelled to recognize the three reverend heretics, and to agree to certain conditions of argument, it was arranged on both sides that the Scriptures in their original languages should be the only ultimate authority. Notwithstanding this, from the beginning to the end of the discussion, the *thirteen* disputants never ceased to urge against their opponents the assumed perversions of a work which was called "An Improved Version of the New Testament." This weapon, and most of

the other weapons which the *thirteen* used, came from the armory of Dr. Magee's work. The fact was, that the Unitarian disputants had no concern with "The Improved Version." But what was this version? The substance of it was by Archbishop Newcome: this was retouched by Mr. Belsham, who added some marginal notes. In less than a year after its publication, "The Improved Version" was subjected to a searching and condemnatory criticism by the Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter, Unitarian minister in Bristol. The essentials of this criticism were adopted, almost without acknowledgment, by an Oxford divine; Dr. Magee borrowed them from him; and the Liverpool champions of Orthodoxy adopted them from Magee. Magee withheld "all notice of his obligations to the Unitarian reviewer." So the very book which a Unitarian scholar was the first to decry, was made the heaviest count in the theological indictment which the Archbishop and his followers brought against the Unitarians. "If Dr. Carpenter," asks the Rev. James Martineau, "had been minister in Liverpool, instead of Bristol, would he have been bound to come forward and answer *himself*?" In a long note to his lecture against "Vicarious Sacrifice," Mr. Martineau presents a scorching and most demolishing analysis of Dr. Magee's controversial character. Of Dr. Magee he says, in his preface to the same lecture: "A careful study of his treatise on the Atonement, with the habit of *testing his citations*, has revealed to me a system of controversy which, before, I should have esteemed incredible, and which no terms of censure can too severely describe."

Such was the disputant with whom Dr. Doyle dared to enter the lists; and here was the occasion. In a charge to his clergy, the Archbishop said: "My reverend brethren, we are hemmed in by two opposite descriptions of professing Christians,—the one possessing a church without what we call a religion, and the other possessing a religion without what we can call a church." "And we, my reverend brethren," he might have added, "have a church in Ireland without having what we can call a people; but in compensation, my reverend brethren, though others feed the sheep, we shear them." The church without a religion was intended for the Roman Catho-

lies ; the religion without a church, for the Dissenters : between these two the venerable Establishment, that was both a church and a religion suffered grievous persecution, and had to bear "heavy blows and great discouragements." The phrase here quoted from the Archbishop's charge, and the habit of using such phrases, caused him to be styled "the *antithetical Magee*." Dr. Doyle took up his own side of the antithesis, and with such effect as must have taught the Archbishop the extreme danger of pointed sentences, which may be made to wound the author more deeply than those at whom they are aimed. A very favorite mode in those days, among Roman Catholic polemics, in dealing with their opponents of orthodox Protestant churches, was to vindicate, on the grounds of individual conscience and of private interpretation, the religious claims of Unitarians. This mode of argument was often very annoying and perplexing to those against whom it was used. Dr. Doyle used it with stunning energy against Dr. Magee. "Are not Socinians," he wrote, "men of sound judgment? Have they not, according to your rule, a right — nay, are they not obliged — to follow the dictate of that judgment in preference to all authority on earth? And yet you exclude them from the kingdom of God because, in the exercise of their judgment, or in what you consider the discharge of their duty, they differ in opinion from yourself. Your opinion of them, if judged by your own principles, is unjust, uncharitable, and unreasonable."

Dr. Doyle went hand in hand with O'Connell during the last great struggle for Catholic emancipation. His influence was very efficient in promoting O'Connell's election for Clare, which was the decisive blow that brought the Tory statesmen to their senses. The pen of Dr. Doyle was as powerful in its way as the tongue of O'Connell. Dr. Doyle had influence over classes which O'Connell did not reach. Dr. Doyle's writings were read by aristocratic and educated men of all parties, — men who would not listen to O'Connell, and whom, if they would, O'Connell could not convince. O'Connell had the ears and hearts of the masses ; Dr. Doyle had the attention and thoughts of the select. He had many personal acquaintances among the most powerful and intellectual of

the aristocratic politicians. Dr. Doyle was himself by nature aristocratic; O'Connell was democratic in temper, in talents, and by his training and experience among the people in their assembled multitudes. Dr. Doyle's splendid evidence and eloquence before the leading men of the empire—lords, bishops, commons—gave authority to his words of counsel, of remonstrance, of history, of prophecy, which the words of an individual have rarely had in the concerns of mighty states.

We can only glance at the agitation against tithes, and a glance is all that is needed.

Tithes, even in the Church of England, have always been the most unpopular of legal imposts. Yet a large mass of the English people belong to the Church, and among them are the wealthiest portion of the nation. What must tithes have, then, been in Ireland, where the mass of the population are not only *not* of the Established Church, but thoroughly and passionately opposed to it, and where, moreover, the tithes weighed most heavily on the struggling and the poor! We enter in no wise into the *rationale* or logic of the legal or the voluntary system of supporting religious institutions; we pass by all speculative arguments for tithes or against them. We confine ourselves to broad and palpable facts. On the face of the matter, it does seem unreasonable and unjust to force a man to pay for the administration of a religion which his conscience and conviction reject. Even among Protestant sects, it appears hardly fair to make all the sects except one support that one. But among Protestant sects there are only differences; Roman Catholics are opposed to all forms of Protestantism, but of all forms of Protestantism in Ireland, the Church form was, perhaps, the most unpopular. To it belonged the aristocracy, with which, rightly or wrongly, the Roman Catholic people associated conquest, plunder, confiscation, and oppression; to it belonged a clergy whose creed they denied, whose incomes they were forced to pay, among whom they saw some of the most active and zealous denouncers of their own faith; and, as we have said, the burden of this odious tax or tribute fell most heavily on the struggling and the poor. A collection of advertisements of tithe-auctions

would open strange revelations of the strangest social condition ever made known in the whole existence of civilized humanity. In those auctions, the most wretched articles of the most wretchedly indigent were exposed to sale ; — the only cow or donkey ; the half-starved pig ; poultry ; the solitary plot or platter ; the winter's stock of potatoes ; the bed-covering and wearing-apparel, down to the petticoat and the apron of Widow Gallaher. Lest this should be thought the exaggeration of burlesque, we extract from the book before us a literal copy of one of these advertisements.

“TO BE SOALED BY PUBLICK CANT in the town of Ballymore on the 15th Inst one Cowe, the property of Jas Scully one new bed & one gown the property of John Quinn seven hanks of yarn the property of Widow Scott one petty Coate & one apron the property of Widow Gallaher seized under & by virtue of a leasing warrant for tithe due the Rev John Ugher.” — Vol. I. pp. 310, 311.

“If,” says a statesman, “an established church is valuable because it provides for the religious wants of the poor, the Church of Ireland does the reverse of this ; it provides for the rich only, and compels the poor to pay.” Now if tithes in their essential principle were so hateful to Irish Catholics that no amount of forbearance or prudence in collecting them could have rendered them tolerable, it is not easy to conceive the fearfulness of their grievance, when connected as they were with every possible abuse of administration. With the intervention of avaricious tithe-proctors, of unscrupulous appraisers, of lawyers, and of constables, the poor man often paid the fifth, instead of tenth, of his hard-earned property.

But it may be said that the clergy spent their incomes among the people. Not always. Sometimes the parson hardly ever visited the parish which paid him hundreds of pounds in yearly revenue. The present Archbishop of Cashel had been one of the most zealous of proselytizing orators. Besides other large benefices, he owned the richest parish in Cork, from which, it was estimated, he derived an income of two thousand pounds a year. The church at one time needed repairs, and the members of the congregation decided to tax themselves, and forego the legal claim for church-rates. The

officers of the parish wrote to the rector for a subscription. He sent them five pounds. The officers sent the pittance back to him. This godly and evangelical divine never came near the parish, unless it happened to be within the range of an itinerating tour. Dr. Doyle mentions the case of the rector of a rich living in the county of Kildare, who had never been there but once in all his life. Such a man was not singular, but representative of a class. Many of the clergy were magistrates, and many to their ecclesiastical office added that of land-agents. Tithes formed but one item of the Church wealth in Ireland. Besides these, there were bishop-lands, glebe-lands, and church-rates. The income of five hundred thousand acres of bishop-lands were estimated at one million dollars a year. A bishop's lease was but for twenty-one years, and the bishop accordingly could impose a heavy fine on the renewal of it. One see alone, as it appeared from Parliamentary returns, possessed fifty-one thousand eight hundred and eighty acres; and it was shown that one bishop received fifty thousand pounds for the renewal of a single lease.* Add to all this, that the bishops have extensive patronage in the Church, and that they very generally use it for the benefit of their families and kindred. Many bishops die enormously wealthy, and this could not happen without the means of rapid accumulation, since a man seldom reaches the episcopacy until life has sobered into the gravity of years. Dr. Beresford, the late Archbishop of Armagh, was reputed to have left more than a million sterling. This was decent saving, although it was the gathering of forty thrifty years. Another Beresford went from a rich see to this vacant one, which was still richer. The clergy, in congratulating him on his promotion, spoke feelingly on the *apostolic simplicity* of his millionaire predecessor. In all that was secularly or sacredly gainful, the Beresfords were a most prosperous family; they had a mighty hunger for pelf and power, and good digestion waited upon ample appetite.

But the time came at last when the old tithe system must be no more. The decree had gone forth. The exhausted patience of the people could no further go. An individual here

* Edinburgh Review, November, 1825.

and there hesitated to pay; another challenged the legal claim. At last the spirit of resistance spread until it became universal. No active opposition was offered. The Catholics imitated the Quakers. They folded their arms; they moved no weapon; they used no word of threatening or sedition. They simply, by their manner, said, "You want to tax our goods to pay your Church; then come and take our goods to the amount of your tax." But that which was easy with an inconsiderable sect became terrific with a multitudinous nation. All liberals sustained the movement, but O'Connell and Dr. Doyle were the soul and spirit of it. The mountain-sides were covered with people who came to listen to orators who denounced the tithe system. Yet there was no violence. Property was seized, but there was no resistance. The property could not be sold in the localities wherein it was seized; so it was carried into adjacent cities, but in these also it could not be sold. Some property in this way was carried into Carlow, but twenty thousand men went in along with it. No person was bold enough to bid, and the property was returned to the owners. Some few cattle were seized in the county of Cork; but the authorities, despairing of finding a sale for them in the neighborhood, had them driven into the city. The largest open space was there appointed for the sale. On the morning destined for the auction there marched into the city some thirty thousand men from all sides of the county. They were young, healthy, strong, good-looking, and well dressed. They were unarmed; they had not even a *kippeen*; they were as sober as judges, and wore the gravest of faces. They came to *look on* at the auction, but there were none that dared to bid. Except the voice of the auctioneer, all was dumb show. These *lookers-on*, who came into the city in the most orderly manner, marshalled into divisions, brigades, regiments, and companies, keeping form and step with perfect regularity, left the city in the same admirable regularity. And what was most astonishing in those vast gatherings was the absence of intemperance and of disorder. This was really the most fearful element in them to the clergy of the Established Church. No tithes were to be paid; that was a decree which no Catholic disobeyed. No action for tithes could be enforced; the power of government seemed unequal

to such enforcement. The government which could hold a discontented kingdom, could not compel the payment of a shilling to the parish rector.

The climax of the struggle came in an impressive accident. A parson bolder than his brethren ventured, with military aid, to enforce a claim for tithe in a place called Rathcormac, in the vicinity of Cork. There was some resistance, and the soldiers fired. A young lad, who was the only son of a widow, and had no share in the riot, was killed. It is not possible now to give the least idea of the anger, and the sorrow, and the determined purpose which this event kindled in the souls of Irish Catholics. Nor was this feeling confined only to Irish or to Catholics: it excited the pathetic wonder of Christendom. The Rev. George Harris, an Englishman, then a Unitarian minister in Glasgow, heard of the event late of a Saturday, and on the Sunday afternoon preached a most impassioned and powerful sermon on the topic, in which he contrasted the conduct of Christ to the son of the widow of Nain with that of the parson to the son of the widow of Rathcormac. The sermon made such impression that he was invited over to Cork, and had there, during his visit, the most enthusiastic reception from liberal people of all creeds and classes. But there was in this, as in all revolutions, much of great and undeserved suffering. Good men were reduced from prosperity to pauperism. "Vicars of Wakefield," whose parsonages had been refuges to the poor and mansions of hospitality to all classes, became households of sad and painful indigence. There were some generous Roman Catholics who, though they would *not* pay the legal tithes, yet exceeded them in voluntary gratuities. The government at length relieved the clergy by advancing a million sterling, and Parliament converted the tithe system into a rent-charge. This did not settle the controversy as to the principle of tithes, but it took from it its rudest conflicts, its coarseness, and its fury.

We had desired to make some remarks on the vital and recuperative energy of the Irish race, which enables the people of that race to recover rapidly from the most disastrous circumstances, and to vindicate at home, and all the world over, their living power of mind and body. We can, however, add

nothing to this long article, but the expression of our heart-felt hope that the destinies of the Irish people may be brighter in the future than they have been in the past ; more worthy of their merits as an intellectual, brave, generous, faithful race, — a race that have always shown that they possess some of the best elements of genius and humanity, — who are ever giving the world assurance that they have within them a worth and wealth of nature which time does not exhaust, and which misfortunes have not injured, but improved.

ART. II. — PROFESSOR WILSON.

“ *Christopher North.*” *A Memoir of John Wilson, late Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh.* Compiled from Family Papers and other Sources, by his Daughter, MRS. GORDON. Edinburgh : Edmonston and Douglass. 1862. 2 vols. Small 8vo. pp. xii. and 335, 399.

THE relations of physical vigor and intellectual character are strikingly illustrated in the life of Professor Wilson. Firm health, exuberant spirits, and keen sensuous enjoyment combined to give to his character the warmth, brilliancy, and audacity which have made the man, as well as his writings, so attractive. Endowed by nature with a large but supple frame, adapted to feats of agility and strength, he was equally fortunate in an education which encouraged the full development of his powers. The life of such a man affords an interesting subject for the biographer. In the case of Professor Wilson, this office has been undertaken by his daughter, with great honesty of purpose and a diffidence which invites friendly criticism, but with little discrimination in the choice of materials.

With the common tendency of biographers to find in the childhood of a man of genius some hints of his future development, Mrs. Gordon gives a few anecdotes of Wilson's early years. These are pleasant, but probably not more notice-

able than those which many parents could relate of children whose youthful brilliancy faded in later years into only respectable mediocrity. Wilson's parents appear to have been fortunate in their choice of instructors for their boy. He was placed, at an early age, under the care of the Rev. Dr. M'Latchie, in the Parish of the Mearns. This worthy clergyman fostered his pupil's love of manly sports, and was as proud of his feats of wrestling and leaping as of his classical acquirements. The unclouded happiness of his boyhood, and the affectionate regard in which he held every nook and corner, loch and moor, in this "loveliest of Scotland's thousand parishes," are often seen in his "Recreations."

From the Mearns he went at twelve to Glasgow University, where he showed himself an ambitious, quick, and thorough student. Here he first mixed in social pleasures, and is reported to have dressed with scrupulous neatness and care, — a singular contrast to the Christopher North of his maturity. Neither the powers nor the peculiarities of later years were yet developed.

The only evidence of literary ambition at this period is seen in a very long and dull letter to Wordsworth. The self-esteem so evident in this prolix epistle is poorly veiled under expressions of humility. It is, however, the same quality which, when it afterward rioted in unbounded extravagance of expression, gave the charm of a strong personality to his writings.

After a six years' residence at the University of Glasgow Wilson went to Oxford. By the death of his father he had already come into possession of a fortune of fifty thousand pounds. His position as gentleman commoner, his brilliant conversational powers, and abounding humor, brought him into contact with the least studious class of young men at the University. Added to these temptations to an irregular life, he was at this time laboring under great mental excitement. During his residence in Glasgow he had formed an attachment to a lady whom we only know as Margaret —. This attachment, which appears to have been strong, as was natural in one capable of such delicate sensibilities and strong passions, and which was fully reciprocated by its object, did not result

in a marriage. The story is clumsily and obscurely told; but it is tolerably plain that the mother of the young man was the chief obstacle in the way; and her objections appear to have been grounded simply upon the different social positions of the parties, and the moderate fortune of the lady. It is difficult, perhaps, for the American reader to understand how a young man of ample fortune and mature years could be brought to the verge of insanity, because a narrow-minded parent objected, for such reasons, to his choice of a wife. Matrons are rare among us who exercise so much domestic despotism, and sons are still more rare who relinquish their dearest hopes at its dictation.

The effect of these circumstances upon Wilson's character was extremely unfortunate. Of his life at this time he says, in a letter to a friend:—

“I believe that I live rather too hard, and I have formed a very determined resolution to change my ways; but it is one thing to make a resolution, and another thing to keep it. I have certainly led a dissipated life for some time; but

‘Wine, they say, drives off despair,
And bids even hope remain,
And that is sure a reason fair
To fill my glass again.’”

During his summer vacations he undertook solitary excursions through Wales and Ireland, the latter “prolific in adventure and scrape,” and his biographer relates that on one occasion he returned home from Oxford on foot, in company with a party of strolling Gypsies. A curious account is given of his midnight excursions to the tavern when the London coach arrived, waiting on the guests, joking with the hostlers, and arousing the college porter at an early hour in the morning for admittance.

After passing a “very splendid” examination, he took his Bachelor's degree *cum laude*, and left Oxford in 1807. With abundant pecuniary resources and no profession, he was entirely at liberty to choose his place of residence. Attracted by the fine scenery of the Lake country, and as much perhaps by the society of those who have made it still

more famous, he settled at Elleray, on Lake Windermere. In this wild region his love of out-of-door sports and daring and romantic adventure found abundant opportunity for exercise. Among his rustic neighbors his genial humor and muscular exploits excited general admiration. An old Laker, William Ritson, whose chief boast was that he had thrown Mr. Wilson in wrestling, relates the following anecdote :—

“ ‘T’ first time ‘at Professor Wilson cam to Wastd’le Head,’ said Ritson, ‘he hed a tent set up in a field, an’ he gat it weel stock’t wi’ bread, an’ beef, an’ cheese, an’ rum, an’ ale, an’ sic like. Then he gedder’t up my granfadder, an’ Thomas Tyson, an’ Isaac Fletcher, an’ Joseph Stable, an’ aad Robert Grave, an’ some mair; an’ there was gay deed amang ’em. Then, nowt would sarra, bud he mun hev a boat, an’ they mun all hev a sail. Well, when they gat into t’ boat, he tell’t un to be particklar careful, for he was liable to git giddy in t’ head, an’ if yan ov his giddy fits sud chance to cum on, he mud happen tumble into t’ watter. Well, that pleased ’em all gaily weel, an’ they said they ’d take varra girt care on him. Then he leaned back an’ called oot that they mun pull quicker. So they did, and what does Wilson do then but topples ower eb’m ov his back i’ t’ watter with a splash. Then there was a girt cry: “Eh! Mr. Wilson’s i’ t’ watter!” an’ yan click’t an’ anudder click’t, but nean o’ them could get hod on him, an’ there was sic a scrowe as nivver. At last, yan o’ them gat him round t’ neck as he popped up at teal o’ t’ boat, an’ Wilson taad him to keep a good hod, for he mud happen slip him ageàn. But what, it was nowt but yan ov his bit o’ pranks, he was snurkin’ an’ laughin’ all t’ time. Wilson was a fine, gay, girt-hearted fellow, as strang as a lion, an’ as lish as a trout, an’ he hed sic antics as nivver man hed. What-ivver ye sed tull him ye’d get yowr change back for it gaily soon. It was a’ life an’ murth amang us, as lang as Professor Wilson was at Wastd’le Head.’ ”

At one time Wilson had quite a fleet of small vessels on Lake Windermere, and many anecdotes are current of his reckless escapades, tempting the waters of the lake at all hours and at all seasons. On one stormy December night, the snow falling fast, it is said, he set off with an old boatman for a sail on the lake. Their trip ended disastrously, as might be supposed, Wilson being nearly frozen to death, and barely escaping with his life.

One of the poet’s favorite amusements may well excite sur-

prise at the present day. From the time of his residence at Oxford he kept a large number of game birds, and his pride and interest in them are the occasion of frequent entries in his diary. These entries sometimes come into curious juxtaposition with more serious matters, as in the following instance:—

“June 12, 1812. — Expected that a volume will be completed by June 12, 1814. May the Almighty enlighten my mind, so that I may benefit my fellow-creatures, and discharge the duties of my life. J. W. — Small black muffled hen set herself, with about eight eggs, on Monday night or Tuesday morning, 7th July.”

Mrs. Gordon makes some natural but rather lame attempts to justify a taste so obviously unrefined. We must acknowledge that, in this rich and varied character, coarse proclivities are found in close contact with the most delicate and feminine sensibility. A few years after his settlement at Elleray, Wilson became acquainted with Miss Jane Penny, a young lady belonging to a staunch Tory family of Liverpool, recently removed to the Lakes. She is described as a person of great beauty and amiability, and their acquaintance resulted in a marriage in 1811. Mrs. Wilson appears to have been a devoted wife and mother, and the letters addressed to her by her husband — though unnecessarily large in number and of little general interest — give pleasing pictures of their domestic life, and show that she always retained his warmest love and respect. Mrs. Wilson was as violent a Tory as her husband, and, like many of her sex, made up in warmth of feeling what she lacked in a clear understanding of political subjects. It is amusing to read her note to a friend at the time of the passage of the Reform Bill:—

“I hope you are as much disgusted and grieved as we all are with the passage of this accursed Reform Bill. I never look into a newspaper now; but we shall see what they will make of it by and by.”

Her sympathy with her husband in his athletic exercises is curiously seen in the bravery and spirit with which she undertook a journey in his company through the Western Highlands, — a feat which excited the greatest amazement among their friends. In a letter to Hogg, Wilson says they walked,

on this journey, three hundred and fifty miles in about two months. Mrs. Wilson's friends confidently expected to see her return with those blemishes which Nature capriciously leaves, while she gives the bloom of fuller health; but an old lady who saw her immediately after her return exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Weel, I declare, she's come back bonnier than ever."

During his residence at Elleray, Wilson published his first volume, "*The Isle of Palms, and other Poems.*" It was received without enthusiasm, — a circumstance which surprised and somewhat annoyed the author. At this time, however, Byron was at the height of his wonderful popularity, and it was hardly to be expected that poems like those of Wilson could produce a strong impression upon the public. They are certainly smooth, graceful, and pleasing, but neither good nor bad enough to attract much attention. Lockhart gives a tolerably fair estimate of the poet's strong and weak points when he jestingly says:—

"To tell the truth, I think John Wilson shines
More o'er a bowl of punch than in his lines."

His second volume, "*The City of the Plague, and other Poems,*" appears to have been more generally read and admired, as Wilson was, from other causes, at the time of its publication, more known; but few readers of the present day will be likely to undertake a complete perusal of it.

After a residence of several years at Elleray, Wilson met with some pecuniary loss which made it necessary for him to relinquish this pleasant home, and to make immediate exertion for the support of a young family. It was this disaster which opened to him his most appropriate sphere of effort, and discovered his peculiar and brilliant powers as a writer. He removed to Edinburgh, and at first undertook the study of law; but soon finding it uncongenial, he gave it up and became a contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*, which had just been established. After the Magazine had dragged along a feeble existence for a few months, under very inefficient management, Mr. Blackwood himself took the editorial chair, and drew around him a powerful corps of contributors. Conspicuous among these were John Wilson and John Gibson Lockhart.

The tone of the Magazine changed at once. Its attacks on the Whig party were fierce and fearless; and its articles, though brilliant and popular, were marked by unequalled and inexcusable personalities. In the early part of this century, when political parties, both in this and the old countries, were thrown into such violent excitement by the French Revolution, the animosities of journalists were certainly more bitter than at the present day; but even then, the virulent personal abuse of Blackwood was unparalleled. The first number under the new *régime* contained an attack on Coleridge, an abusive article on Leigh Hunt, and the famous Chaldee Manuscript. This, like other succeeding articles, involved the editor in a suit for libel, which, however, did not in any degree moderate the tone of the Magazine. Its editorship was attributed to Wilson, but this he explicitly denies. His biographer dwells with some complacency on the fact, which however can hardly appear to be of great importance, as undoubtedly his influence in the Magazine, under whatever name veiled, was greater than that of any other person. Wilson and Lockhart gave to the Magazine a large measure of its audacity, brilliancy, and dash. The two men were strikingly contrasted in personal appearance, as well as in mental traits. Wilson, of a Saxon type, with long, light hair, blue eyes, and sanguine complexion, was a man of ready humor, quick enjoyment of the world, and of keen poetic sensibilities. Lockhart, according to Mrs. Gordon, was of a "pale olive complexion, sombre or melancholy expression, thin lips compressed into a smile of perpetual sarcasm, with a compact, finely formed head, and an acute and refined intellect." Feared by many, loved by few, even Wilson himself, his warm friend, shrank from his bitter jests. "I've sometimes thocht, Mr. North," says the Shepherd in the Noctes, "that ye were a wee feared for him yoursel, and used rather, without kennin it, to draw in your horns."

Their friendship, however, continued through life. Lockhart's letters to his friend often give curious glimpses of his literary character. Referring to his own novel, "Matthew Wald," Lockhart says: "Pray write a first-rate but brief puff of Matthew (Wald) for next number Blackwood, or if not, say so, that I may do it myself, or make the Doctor."

The mystery which was carefully maintained as to the authorship of the articles in *Blackwood* doubtless sharpened popular curiosity and interest. Lockhart wrote under several names, not infrequently using those of persons who had never written a word for the *Magazine*. A curious instance of this is the case of one Dr. Scott, who was guiltless of having ever been in print; and in his case the joke was carried so far, that a volume of his contributions was advertised in the *Magazine* as in press, and so completely were the public deceived, that Dr. Scott is said, at a public dinner, to have received and responded to a compliment as a distinguished contributor to *Blackwood*. Even Hogg, who was intimately associated with the editorial clique, appears to have been completely in the dark as to the authorship of the different articles. Lockhart, with perfect gravity, fathered them on one and another person, and the credulous Shepherd complains sorely of this. "Away I flew," he says, "with the wonderful news, to my other associates; and if any remained incredulous, I swore the facts down through them, so that before I left Edinburgh I was accounted the greatest liar in it except one."

It is difficult even for Wilson's partial biographer to place in a favorable light the treatment which the Ettrick Shepherd received at the hands of his Edinburgh friends. Drawn from obscurity to unexpected popularity and favor, when his feeble character was unable to resist flattery, and his self-conceit and folly made him ridiculous, he was remorselessly snubbed by his new patrons, and made the butt of their jests. Mrs. Gordon truly says of Lockhart: "He had no sympathy in wounding to the quick, and no compassion." The following characteristic note to Wilson contains, with a curious account of Miss Edgeworth, a no less characteristic allusion to Hogg:—

"Miss Edgeworth is at Abbotsford, and has been for some time; a little, dark, bearded, sharp, withered, active, laughing, talking, impudent, fearless, out-spoken, honest, Whiggish, unchristian, good-tempered, kindly, ultra-Irish body. I like her one day, and damn her to perdition the next. She is a very queer character; particulars some other time. She, Sir Adam, and the Great Unknown are too much for any company. . . . I have invited Hogg to dine here to-morrow, to meet Miss Edgeworth. She has a great anxiety to see the Bore."

In the "Noctes," the sentiments which Wilson puts into the mouth of the Shepherd often rise to a rude eloquence quite effective; but it is evident that Christopher North uses him only as a foil to his own wit. Poor Hogg seems to have suspected at last that his position was hardly an enviable one, and, in the answer to his protest, Wilson replies with sophistical earnestness:—

"As for the Noctes Ambrosianæ, that is a subject in which I am chiefly concerned; and there shall never be another with you in it, *if indeed that be disagreeable to you!!!* But all the idiots in existence shall never persuade me that in those dialogues you are not respected and honored, and that they have not spread the fame of your genius and virtues all over Europe, America, Asia, and Africa. If there be another man who has done more for your fame than *I* have done, let me know in what region of the moon he has taken up his abode. But let the 'Noctes' drop, or let us *talk* upon that subject if you choose, that we may find out which of us is insane, — perhaps *both*."

Hogg died poor and neglected, and, of all his brilliant friends, Wilson was the only one who, moved by affection or remorse, followed his body to the grave. When all others had left the place, he remained alone, his hat off, his long hair floating in the wind, thinking sadly, perhaps, of the past, the folly and wrong of which were then beyond redemption.

The "Noctes Ambrosianæ" are the most characteristic of Wilson's writings, although their frequent allusion to local matters greatly lessens their interest for the reader of to-day. His "Recreations," essays, and tales were nearly all of them originally contributions to Blackwood. In these his love and appreciation of natural beauty, and his rough enjoyment of manly sports, give to his descriptions a delicacy and freshness always pleasing, though the sketches of Scotch peasant-life, in which they abound, must be considered somewhat ideal.

Wilson wrote at this time very largely, sometimes contributing more than half a number of the Magazine. Of his manner of writing he says: "We love to do our work by fits and starts. We hate to keep fiddling away an hour or two at a time on one article for weeks."

In 1820 the Professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh became vacant, and the friends of Wilson

proposed his name as a candidate for the vacancy. He possessed hardly a single special qualification for that position, while the opposing candidate, Sir William Hamilton, was both in personal character and intellectual tastes peculiarly fitted for it. The election was fiercely contested, and was purely a political matter. The opponents of Wilson did not hesitate to attack his private character, and he unfortunately felt it necessary to strengthen his prospects by soliciting testimonials to this point from his friends. Lockhart, in his *Memoir of Scott*, publishes a letter in which the poet frankly says, "If Wilson gets the place, he must give up sack."

By the help of government influence, the friends of Wilson triumphed. It was simply a political victory; but having obtained the chair, the Professor was excited by the strongest motives to win success. He became in that position, as in every other where he was brought into social contact with individuals, extremely popular. A man of great personal magnetism, of persuasive eloquence, of commanding presence, and of those quick, warm sympathies which especially attract the young, it is not strange that his auditors were charmed beyond a wish to criticise, and that he became at once the most popular Professor in the University. There is little reason to doubt that Wilson, moved by the opportunity of impressing for good the young men of his class, labored faithfully and heartily; and whatever may have been the effect of the lectures upon his class, to him the occupation undoubtedly gave steadiness of character, as it required regularity of life.

He seems, however, to have taken great satisfaction in occasionally breaking away from the routine of his duties to indulge in his old recreations, and his quiet enjoyment of the contrast between these escapades and the enforced dignity of his office is not unnatural. Speaking to one of his pupils of Tarland, a rendezvous of smugglers, of wild and ruffianly habits, the Professor "hinted, with a sort of half-sarcastic solemnity, that he was there in the course of the ethical inquiries to which he had devoted himself; just as the Professor of Natural History, or any other persevering geologist, might be found where any unusual geological phenomenon is developed, or the Professor of Anatomy might conduct his inquiries into

some abnormal structure of the human body. His researches might lead him into trials and perils, as those of zealous investigators are often apt to do. In fact, he had to draw upon his early acquired knowledge of the art of self-defence on the occasion, and he believed he did it not unsuccessfully."

At Professor Wilson's house in Edinburgh, the students were always kindly received, while he entertained at this time other friends, who drew somewhat more largely upon his hospitality.

At the Lakes, he first met De Quincey, who was afterward his neighbor, and for many years a friend. Mrs. Gordon thus describes a prolonged visit which Wilson received from him in Edinburgh:—

"I remember his coming to Gloucester Place one stormy night. He remained hour after hour, in vain expectation that the waters would assuage and the hurly-burly cease. There was nothing for it but that our visitor should remain all night. The Professor ordered a room to be prepared for him, and they found each other such good company that this accidental detention was prolonged, without further difficulty, for the greater part of a year. During this visit some of his eccentricities did not escape observation. For example, he rarely appeared at the family meals, preferring to dine in his own room, at his own hour, not unfrequently turning night into day. His tastes were very simple, though a little troublesome, at least to the servant who prepared his repast. Coffee, boiled rice, and milk, and a piece of mutton from the loin, were the materials that invariably formed his diet. The cook, who had an audience with him daily, received her instructions in silent awe, quite overpowered by his manner; for, had he been addressing a Duchess, he could scarcely have spoken with more deference. He would couch his request in such terms as these:—'Owing to dyspepsia afflicting my system, and the possibility of any additional disarrangement of the stomach taking place, consequences incalculably distressing would arise, so much so, indeed, as to increase nervous irritation and prevent me from attending to matters of overwhelming importance, if you do not remember to cut the mutton in a diagonal, rather than in a longitudinal form.'

"The cook—a Scotchwoman—had great reverence for Mr. De Quincey as a man of genius; but after one of these interviews, her patience was pretty well exhausted, and she would say, 'Weel, I never heard the like o' that in a' my days; the bodie has an awfu' sicht o' words. If it had been my ain master that was wanting his dinner, he

would ha' ordered a hale tablefu' wi' little mair than a waff o' his haun, and here's a' this claver aboot a bit of mutton no bigger than a prin. Mr. De Quinshey would mak' a gran' preacher, though I'm thinking a hantle o' the folk wouldna ken what he was driving at.'

"The time when De Quincey was most brilliant was generally towards the early morning hours; and then, more than once, in order to show him off, my father arranged his supper-parties so that, sitting till three or four in the morning, he brought Mr. De Quincey to that point at which, in charm and power of conversation, he was so truly wonderful."

Wilson appears to have been but little bound by the strict conventionalities of social life, and in Mrs. Gordon's account of what she calls his "little ways," we have some curious illustrations of his personal character and habits. Of his manner of "taking care" of his watch, she says:—

"In the first place, he seldom wore his own, which never by any chance was right, or treated according to the natural properties of a watch. Many wonderful escapes this ornament (if so it may be called) had from fire, water, and sudden death. All that was required of it at his hands was, that it should go, and point at some given hour. His own account of its treatment is so exactly the sort of system pursued, that this little imaginative bit of writing will describe its course correctly: 'We wound up our chronometer irregularly, by fits and starts, thrice a day, perhaps, or once a week, till it fell into an intermittent fever, grew delirious, and gave up the ghost.'"

And again:—

"His room was a strange mixture of what may be called order and untidiness, for there was not a scrap of paper, or a book, that his hand could not light upon in a moment, while to the casual eye, in search of discovery, it would appear chaos, without a chance of being cleared away. The book-shelves were of unpainted wood, knocked up in the rudest fashion, and their volumes, though not wanting in number or excellence, wore but shabby habiliments, many of them being shattered and without backs. The chief pieces of furniture in this room were two cases: one containing specimens of foreign birds, a gift from an admirer of his genius across the Atlantic, which was used incongruously enough sometimes as a wardrobe; the other was a bookcase, but not entirely devoted to books; its glass doors permitted a motley assortment of articles to be seen. The spirit, the tastes and habits of the possessor were all to be found there, side by side, like a little community of domesticities.

“For example, resting upon the ‘Wealth of Nations’ lay shining coils of gut, set off by pretty pink twinings. Peeping out from ‘Boxiana,’ in juxtaposition with the ‘Faery Queen,’ were no end of delicately dressed *flies*; and pockets well filled with gear for the ‘gentle craft’ found company with Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; while fishing-rods, in pieces, stretched their elegant length along the shelves, embracing a whole set of poets. Nor was the gravest philosophy without its contrast, and Jeremy Taylor, too, found innocent repose in the neighborhood of a tin box of barley-sugar, excellent as when bought ‘at my old man’s.’ Here and there in the interstices between books were stuffed what appeared to be dingy, crumpled bits of paper,—these were bank-notes, his *class fees*,—not unfrequently, for want of a purse, thrust to the bottom of an old worsted stocking, when not honored by a place in the bookcase.”

From the glimpses of Wilson’s domestic life afforded by his numerous letters to his wife, it is evident that his warm and loving nature found in the familiar and affectionate intercourse of the family its most congenial sphere. The death of his wife, in 1837, brought his first great experience of sorrow, and after this his life seems to have been clouded by a constant sense of bereavement and loss. His work upon the Magazine went on for a time, then ceased entirely, and then was again resumed. But the buoyancy and freshness were gone. The “*Dies Boreales*” were only feeble imitations of the “*Noctes*.” Yet his was too large and genial a nature to sadden the lives of others by desponding gloom, because the glory and gladness of the world were forever darkened to him.

We see in a larger charity, greater breadth of view, and a softened temper toward political enemies, the effect of sorrow and of added years. As he loved to say, “The animosities are mortal, but the humanities live forever.” A pleasant instance of this is found in one of the last public acts of his life. When Macaulay was one of the candidates for the representation of Edinburgh, Wilson, though at some distance and suffering from protracted illness, went into the city to give his vote for the man whose genius he heartily admired, while he still widely differed with him on political subjects. “When he entered the committee-room,” says his biographer, “supported by his servant, a long and loud cheer was given, ex

,
g
-
-
e
-
-
it
e
it
s
e
a
-

s
d
-
h
of
y
n
d
ss
s
e
e
d

a
w
ss
-
e.
-
d
is
e
n
-
k

pre
the

Wi

pol

in

mo

L

hav

tun

“

chil

ing

ery

rea

line

‘ th

liab

cau

“

“

at l

ing

dau

ing

day

in

clo

stri

she

he

ver

tha

dev

anc

his

ren

wi

‘ I

cov

pressive both of pleasure at seeing him, and of admiration at the disinterested motives which had brought him there."

After his daughter's marriage with Mr. Gordon, a Whig, Wilson was frequently thrown into the society of those whose political opinions he had passed his best days in opposing, and in the warmth of good company and good cheer party animosities were forgotten.

In the account of his intercourse with his grandchildren, we have a pleasant picture of the kindly feelings and love of nature which prevailed till the close of his life.

"He was in his latter years passionately fond of children; his grandchildren were his playmates. A favorite pastime with them was fishing in imaginary rivers and lochs, in boats and out of them; the scenery rising around the anglers with magical rapidity, for one glorious reality was there to create the whole, — fishing-rods, reels, and basket, line and flies, the entire gear. What shouts and screams of delight as 'the fun grew fast and furious,' and fish were caught by dozens, Goliath getting his phantom trout unhooked by his grandfather, who would caution him not to let his line be entangled in the trees."

And again: —

"A nervous or fidgetty mother would have been somewhat startled at his mode of treating babies; but I was so accustomed to all his doings that I never for a moment interfered with them. His granddaughter went through many perils. He had great pleasure in amusing himself with her long before she could either walk or speak. One day I met him coming down stairs with what appeared to be a bundle in his hand, but it was my baby which he clutched by the back of the clothes, her feet kicking through her long robe, and her little arms striking about evidently in enjoyment of the reckless position in which she was held. He said this way of carrying a child was a discovery he had made, that it was quite safe, and very good for it. It was all very well so long as he remembered what he was about; but more than once this large, good-natured baby was left all alone to its own devices. Sometimes he would lay her down on the rug in his room, and forget she was there; when, coming into the drawing-room without his plaything, and being interrogated as to where she was, he would remember he had left her lying on the floor; and bringing her back with a joke, still maintaining he was the best nurse in the world, but 'I will take her up stairs to Sally,' and so, according to his new discovery, she was carried back unscathed to the nursery. He did not

always treat the young lady with this disrespect, for she was very often in his arms when he was preparing his thoughts for the lecture-hour. A pretty tableau it was to see them in that littered room, among books and papers, — the only bright things in it, — and the SPARROW, too, looking on while he hopped about the table, not quite certain whether he should not affect a little envy at the sight of the new inmate, whose chubby hands were clutching and tearing away at the long hair, which of right belonged to the audacious bird. So he thought, as he chirped in concert with the baby's screams of delight, and dared at last to alight upon the shoulder of the unconscious Professor, absorbed in the volume he held in his hand."

As an old man he was genial and tender, without any taint of bitterness or misanthropy, finding comfort in little household joys, children, birds, dogs, everything that appealed to his affectionate sympathies. And so his life drew calmly to its end. His death occurred in April, 1854, suddenly and peacefully, closing a long period of decay.

His countrymen, anxious to testify their regard for the man, and their pride in his genius, are about to raise a statue to his memory, in Edinburgh.

"As the work has not yet, however, left the artist's studio, — has not, indeed, received the final touches from his hands, — it would be presumptuous to speak of it further than to say that it promises to prove worthy alike of the sculptor, of his noble subject, and of the very suitable and conspicuous site it is destined to occupy. In a representation of a man whose notable person is so fresh in the recollections of many hundreds of his fellow-citizens, exact portraiture was indispensable; and it was well that the sculptor, in presenting to us that memorable figure in his habit as he lived, was able also, even by faithful adherence to that habit, to attain much of the heroic element. The careless ease of Professor Wilson's ordinary dress is adopted, with scarcely a touch of artistic license in the statue, — a plaid which he was in frequent habit of wearing supplies the needed folds of drapery, and the trunk of a palm-tree gives a rest to the figure, while it indicates commemoratively his principal poetical work. The lion-like head and face, full of mental and muscular power, thrown slightly upward and backward, express fervid and impulsive genius evolving itself in free and fruitful thought, — the glow of poetical inspiration animating every feature. The figure, tall, massive, athletic; the hands, the right grasping a pen, at the same time clutching the plaid that hangs across the chest, the left

resting negligently in the leaves of a half-open manuscript; the limbs, loosely planted, yet firm and vigorous;—all correspond with the grandly elevated expression of the countenance.”

Well may his countrymen honor the memory of Wilson. A man of brilliant genius and warm heart, he was a rare and peculiar product of Scottish society. His best friends would not wish to throw any veil of concealment over his faults. They were those of an impulsive nature, and with any concealment of them his character loses much of its individuality. The man was too genuine to be misrepresented. There have been better essays than his, better poems, and surely better politics, but the young and ardent will often turn from them to read with delight the glowing and eloquent pages of John Wilson.

ART. III.—THE IMMORTALITY OF THE BRUTE WORLD.

1. *Psychological Inquiries: in a Series of Essays intended to illustrate the Mutual Relations of the Physical Organization and the Mental Faculties.* By SIR BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart., D. C. L., V. P. R. S., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, etc. Third edition. London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans. 1856.
2. *Psychological Inquiries. The Second Part. Being a Series of Essays intended to illustrate some Points in the Physical and Moral History of Man.* By SIR BENJAMIN C. BRODIE, Bart., D. C. L., F. R. S., Corresponding Member of the Imperial Institute of France, etc., etc. London: Longman, Green, Longman, and Roberts. 1862.
3. *An Essay on the Future Life of Brute Creatures.* By RICHARD DEAN, Curate of Middleton. In Two Volumes. London. 1768.
4. *The Grand Question Debated; or, An Essay to prove that the Soul of Man is not, neither can it be, Immortal.* By ONTOLOGOS. Dublin. 1751.—*A Reply to the Grand Question debated; fully proving that the Soul of Man is, and must be, Immortal.* London. 1751. (Both in one volume.)
5. *Meditations on Death and Eternity.* Translated from the German by FREDERICA ROWAN. Published by Her Majesty's gracious Permission. London: Trübner & Co. 1862.

THE acts, motives, and feelings of the lower order of animals are declared by Bayle to be one of the profoundest mysteries that ever exercise the mind of man. The mystery of their lives, — what is it? The mystery of their deaths, — what is that, too? Do they live wholly in the present, and never know any life beyond? or is there for them, as well as for ourselves, an after-life of immortality? No doubt the suggestion of an immortality for the brute world may seem to some a very foolish idea, and to others a very profane infringement on our own blessed inheritance. About the beginning of the seventeenth century, Sennertus of Germany was accused of blasphemy and impiety for teaching that the souls of beasts are immaterial, which was supposed to be the same thing as teaching that they are no less immortal than the souls of men; and in the same age Descartes felt himself bound to deny them an immaterial principle, and to adopt the theory of their being mere machines, in order that the interests of virtue might not be injured by the belief in their immortality. In view, however, of what Mr. Darwin has recently suggested to us in his "Origin of Species," that perhaps all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth have descended from some one primordial form into which life was first breathed, there is but little consolation to be derived from the doctrine that the animals that may have been our progenitors, some thousands or millions of years ago, were only machines; or that our cousins, the birds and snails, the lobsters and spiders, the tadpoles and sponges of the present day, are machines still; and under this phase of the subject opening upon us, the odd feeling of jealousy about letting our humble fellow-creatures approach us and share with us our own inheritance of immortality, because, forsooth, their faculties and attainments do not seem to us respectable enough for such company, quite gives place to a desire to advocate the cause of our silent companions. Even before Mr. Darwin discovered to us that we have this strange interest in the matter, Hume thought he found in the fact that the souls of animals are allowed to be mortal, a very strong argument against our own immortality; the analogy from the one to the other being, in his opinion, very strong, on account of the near resemblance their souls bear to our own.

The philosophers disagree : one class, assuming that the soul of the brute is of the same nature as that of man, from the mortality of the brute infer the mortality of man ; another class, starting with the same assumption, have inferred the immortality of the brute from the immortality of man ; while still another class have sought to escape the sad dilemma to which the former are brought, and to serve the cause of virtue and religion, by solemnly resolving that brutes are mere machines. Surely Sydney Smith rightly declared that " the weakest and most absurd arguments ever used against religion have been the attempts to compare brutes to men ; and the weakest answer to these arguments have been the jealousies which men have exhibited of brutes."

It may be that we write of one of those " mysteries which Heaven will not have earth to know " ; but it seems that, with all the strange contradictions that have come of it in the past, it may be made to assume a definite form, though it remain a mystery still ; and it may lead us to some interesting by-ways of human thought, and call up in our own minds meditations to strengthen and confirm our own hopes for the future.

Although the doctrine of immortality is now generally taught, both by religion and by philosophy, in such a form as to place the lower orders of animals beyond the pale of hope, the first form in which the great thought of an immortal existence shaped itself in the human mind seems to have included all the tribes of animate being. Each earthly creature, whether man or bird or insect, was regarded as only one link in the chain of conditions that made up the great cycle of the soul's pilgrimage in its going forth from God and its return to him. To those men of old spoke that same voice from within that to us now speaks of the " great immortality." But how could there be an individual existence apart from sense and organized life ? The soul was always conceived as connected with a body, and so an immortality for the body must somehow be discovered. It hardly answered the demands of the case, that the body might be embalmed and laid away under vast pyramids ; for though the semblance of the body might be preserved for years, and centuries even, it was apparent that the soul was not there the while. And so metempsycho-

sis was adopted as at once meeting the mind's conviction of a future existence, and its conception of life as dependent upon a physical organization. At the foundation of this doctrine was the mystical belief that every individual soul is a part of the soul of the world, — the universal energy.

“ For God goes forth, and spreads throughout the whole
Heaven, earth, and sea, the universal soul ;
Each at its birth, from him, all beings share,
Both man and brute, the breath of vital air ;
To him return, and, loosed from earthly chain,
Fly whence they sprung and rest in God again,
Spurn at the grave, and, fearless of decay,
Dwell in high heaven, and star the ethereal way.”

The spiritual nature of the animal was thought not only to have no end, but to have had no beginning. For a time it is separated from the universal soul and united to a material frame, and then, returning to its former state, its bodily existence is almost forgotten, or perhaps wholly lost in oblivion. How far the spirit was supposed to maintain its individuality in its migrations from one body to another, or in its return to the source from whence it sprung, it is not easy to make out very definitely from any of the systems taught. But whatever may have been thought of its separate existence after its return to the Fountain of spirits, it would seem that in its transmigrations it must have been supposed to preserve its identity, however dimmed its consciousness of the past. It is related that Empedocles pretended to know that he had been at different times a boy, a girl, a plant, and a fish. Even in these days, when the old doctrine of metempsychosis is not held in very high repute, we are sometimes surprised by the awakening of what seems to be an inner memory of things never seen, and are half tempted to believe that we have lived before our birth into this present, — that we have a dim consciousness of a former life. At such times we are ready to accept the doctrine of the Platonists, that

“ Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Has had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.”

It was Henry More's opinion that the pre-existence of the

soul was a tenet for which there are many plausible reasons, and against which there is nothing considerable to be alleged ; being a key, he said, for some main mysteries of Providence which no other can so handsomely unlock. Hume was no Platonist, yet he declares, that, reasoning from the common course of nature, without supposing any new interposition of the Supreme Cause, which, he says, ought always to be excluded from philosophy, what is incorruptible must also be ingenerable, and therefore, if the soul be immortal, it existed before our birth ; and now, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a doctrine of pre-existence, somewhat different indeed from that which Plato taught in the Academy, has been revived by the Mormons of the desert ; and in the Christian Church, Dr. Edward Beecher has adopted a like hypothesis, as an explanation of the origin of evil.

The doctrine of metempsychosis is said to have been introduced into Greece by Pythagoras, who borrowed it of the Egyptians. He defined the soul to be a monad, self-moved and one ; and though he distinguished man from brutes by his possessing the three elements of reason, intelligence, and passion, while they have only the last two, this was not inconsistent with his doctrine of transmigration, for it was still the one soul, whether it manifested the three aspects or only the two. Plato, following Pythagoras, taught that the soul exists without beginning and without end. Once it journeyed with the gods in celestial regions, where eternal truth was unveiled before it, and it looked face to face upon existence itself. In these journeyings, the soul is compared to a chariot with a pair of winged horses and a driver. By the unskillfulness of the driver, the soul becomes unable to follow the gods as they journey toward the summit of the vault of heaven, seeking nourishment from the contemplation of the parts beyond the heavens where is the seat of real existence ; and failing thus to see these realities, the soul is deprived of its proper food, whereby it is made light and carried aloft, loses its wings, and, falling to the earth, enters into and animates some body. It never enters, at the first generation, into the body of a brute animal, but, according to the truth it has seen, into the body of a man of higher or lower

degree. It never returns to its pristine state in less than ten thousand years, unless it be the soul of one who philosophizes with sincerity. Such a one, after three periods of one thousand years each, having chosen thrice in succession this kind of life, recovers its wings in the three-thousandth year and departs. The others, at the termination of their first life, are judged according to the life which they led here, and either sent under the earth for punishment, or elevated to a place in heaven. In either case, they are called back on the thousandth year to choose a new life. Then a human soul passes into the body of a beast, and that of a beast, if it has ever been human, passes again into the body of a man.

This is the poetry of Plato's philosophy. He found in these views his best arguments for a wise and virtuous life. The soul, disregarding the things of this fleeting present, and occupying itself with reminiscences of that former state when it saw knowledge itself, and temperance, and justice, might lift itself to a higher sphere; or by constant contemplation of naught but the material phenomena of the present moment, it might shrivel into something less than itself, and become a beast. Why should it not be a law of this ascent and descent, that the soul should take at its rebirth the form of such a being as its inward nature bears the likeness of? Why should it not abide in the condition of a bear, or a snake, or a peacock, if that be the form that corresponds to the quality of mind to which it has reduced itself? Plato and the later Pythagoreans thought there was such a law of harmony in these transmigrations. And this, too, was the Oriental way of looking at the matter. The laws of Menu declare, that from the actions of men proceed their various transmigrations. According to the sin to be expiated, the soul shall assume some human condition, or the form of some bird or beast, or even be made to pass a thousand successive lives in the bodies of as many spiders.

In view of this doctrine, that there is a correspondence between the soul's ethical qualities and the form which it assumes, these lines of Spenser may have a new meaning for us:

" So every spirit, as it is more pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure

To habit in, and is more fairly dight,
With cheerful grace and amiable sight.
For of the soul the body form doth take,
For soul is form, and doth the body make."

The doctrine of metempsychosis is a fundamental part of Hinduism. The circle of the soul's pilgrimage is supposed, by the Vedanta philosophy, to embrace all organized nature. How to escape from this circle of sorrow was the question to which the different systems addressed themselves, for any union of the soul with matter was thought to be essentially an evil. This liberation was to be attained by the soul's stripping itself of everything earthly, and even of its own will and personality, and elevating itself by divine knowledge till it returns to the bosom of Brahma, from whom the spark originally went forth.

Such being the views of the soul's origin and destiny held by the people of ancient times, it is not surprising that they continually assimilated the brute creation to man in mental endowments and moral qualities. The mind of man was supposed to differ from that of other animals only in degree, not in kind. Plato saw in the brute creation a dim and partial manifestation of the same essence that in man shines forth in the brilliant and full-orbed light of reason. So thought Pythagoras, and so thought Anaxagoras also: and they, as well as Plato, supposed the inferiority of brute animals to be chiefly due to their want of speech and of well-proportioned organs. But the Neo-Platonist, Porphyry, went further than this, and allowed them a language intelligible to man, whom he thought superior to them only in the quality of his more refined reason. Plutarch wrote a treatise to prove that animals possess reason, inasmuch as man, with all his boasted understanding, is more liable to error than they are. And so from that day down to the present there has been a long line of philosophers and writers who have contended that there is no specific difference between the souls of men and those of brutes.

It will be noticed that the doctrine of transmigration is built upon the assumption that the immaterial principle of the brute mind is the same in kind with that of the mind of man. Philosophy has been very slow in arriving at the true nature

of the distinction between them, and the old idea that the difference is one only of degree has been adhered to down to the present time. According to Bayle, this view of the subject necessarily and inevitably flows from what the schools have taught about animals, and he himself adopts this way of thinking, although he confesses that it leads him into a very sad dilemma. "It follows from thence," and he shudders a little at the thought, "that, if their souls are material and mortal, the souls of men are so likewise; and that, if the soul of man is a substance spiritual and immortal, the soul of beasts is so too. Horrible consequence! turn which way you will. For if, to avoid the immortality of the souls of beasts, you suppose that the soul of man dies with the body, you overthrow the doctrine of another life and sap the foundation of religion. If to preserve to ourselves the privilege of immortality we extend it to those of beasts, into what an abyss do we fall! What shall we do with so many immortal souls? Will there be for them also a heaven and a hell? Will they go from one body to another? Will they be annihilated as the beasts die? Will God create continually an infinite number of spirits, to plunge them again so soon into nothing? How many insects are there which only live a few days? Let us not imagine that it is sufficient to create souls for the beasts which we do know; those that we do not know are far the greater number." And so Hume, declaring that animals undoubtedly think, love, hate, will, and even reason, though in a more imperfect manner than man, asks whether their souls are also immaterial and immortal; and in the admission that they are mortal, he sees the stamp of mortality placed upon the more perfect mind of man.

To avoid such conclusions as these, Descartes, Pereira, and others put forward the absurd idea that brutes have not an immaterial principle of life and action, but are like machines, which, though made of insensible materials, can nevertheless perform their functions even more accurately than man. Descartes, in a letter to Henry More, gives "among the many and strong reasons" for his theory, that it seems not so probable that "worms and fleas should be endowed with immortal minds as that they are mere machines"; and again, in reply to the

suggestion that brutes may have an imperfect kind of thought, he says that, "if they think as we do, they must have immortal souls as we have"; and many of them, "as oysters," for example, seem to him far too imperfect for this distinction. The honor of originating this hypothesis of the animal machine is thought by some to belong to Pereira, a Spanish physician of the sixteenth century, who maintained it in a book called *Antoniana Margarita*, from the names of his father and mother; and, moreover, it is said that this doctrine was debated by very learned men in St. Augustine's time, as a thing which might be defended, notwithstanding the apparent absurdity which the vulgar find in it. It was Descartes, however, who developed this theory, and gave it celebrity. He allows that these machines possess life, yet they suffer not; for though they utter cries when beaten, they do not feel any pain; and though they eat and drink, they are really neither hungry nor thirsty. They are living puppets, which act simply from external influences upon their own organizations. "The Being who made them," says Malebranche, "in order to preserve them, endowed brutes with an organization which mechanically avoids destruction and danger; but in reality they fear nothing and desire nothing."

However absurd this mechanical theory may appear to us now, it was at one time so far received that Bishop Burnet, in his "Exposition of the First Article of the Church of England," declares it to be the result of the thoughts of the learned, either that brutes are mere machines, or that they have reasonable souls; and as for himself, he thinks it certain, either that beasts have no thought or liberty at all, and are only pieces of finely organized matter, capable of many subtle motions that come to them from objects from without; or, as seems to him more reasonable, that there are spirits of a lower order in beasts, that have in them a capacity of thinking and choosing, yet are so entirely under the impression of matter as to be incapable of that largeness either of thought or liberty which would make them moral agents or subjects of rewards and punishments, and therefore may be perpetually roving about from one body to another. Dr. Isaac Watts, quoting this opinion, confesses it is impossible for us to determine with any certainty how far the power of mechanism

can go, when under the direction of Infinite Wisdom, in the original formation of these engines ; though he does not seem at all inclined to adopt this hypothesis. " I confess also, on the other hand," he says, " I am not very fond of allowing to brutes such an immaterial soul, such a thinking and reasoning power, which in its own nature must carry immortality with it. Every emmet upon a mole-hill, and every bee in a swarm, lays as just a claim to such a spirit as an ox or an elephant. The amazing instances of appearing sagacity and reasoning, design and choice, which discover themselves in these little creatures, make as good pretence to such a sublime principle of consciousness, judgment, and liberty. And why may not the million of mites in a cheese, and the nations of other animalcules which swarm invisible to the naked eye, be entitled to the same reasoning powers, or spirits, since their motions, so far as glasses discover them, are as happily suited to the ends of animal life? 'Tis difficult to bring one's self to believe that an immaterial spirit is prepared for each of these minute creatures, so soon as their body is formed, and that at the death of the body it ceases to exist ; or that it passes, by Divine appointment, from one animal to another by certain unknown laws of transmigration." But however it may be with brutes, Dr. Watts consoles himself that it can never be said that man may be an engine too, that man may be only a finer sort of machine, without a rational and immortal spirit ; and the reason he gives is this, that we all of us feel, and are conscious within ourselves, that we think, that we reason, that we reflect, that we contrive and design, that we judge and choose with freedom, and determine our own actions.

The problem of the brute world has sometimes been discussed, it is thought, in the interest of scepticism, and for the purpose of showing the near likeness of man with the brute, and thence compelling the inference that the same thing befalleth the one as the other when this earthly life closes. This perhaps may have been a motive with Montaigne, and Charron, and Rosarius, and Bayle, who drew very slight distinctions between ourselves and the more intelligent orders of the brute creation, the advantage of superiority being often

placed on the animal side. Montaigne, not with entire seriousness, perhaps, says that when he meets with arguments that endeavor to demonstrate the near resemblance betwixt us and animals, how much they share in our greatest privileges, and with how great plausibility we are put into comparison with them, he abates a great deal of his presumption, and willingly resigns the title of that imaginary sovereignty which some attribute to us over other creatures. A somewhat different view of what constitutes superiority in the scale of being was taken by the author of a book published at Dublin, in 1751, entitled "The Grand Question Debated, or an Essay to prove that the Soul of Man is not, neither *can it be*, IMMORTAL." After speaking of the faculties of those animals which philosophers generally do not scruple to pronounce to be without any title to immortality, and of our relation to them, he goes on to say: "We must draw this conclusion, that men of science are of the highest order of animals, and that next to them all creatures, without distinction, must take their places, not according to the form of their bodies, but according to the native greatness of their souls. If we allow immortality to the soul of the philosopher, and every soul of the like kind, we must allow it to the meanest of all animals; whereby a mouse, a rat, a louse, and a flea will have immortal souls,—an intolerable conclusion! or else we must allow immortality to the higher order only, and so fix a certain degree at which it must stop; and if we fix that so low as to take in all and every soul of an equal degree to the souls of the meanest of mankind, it is plain we must include some of the brutes in our system; or, by admitting none of the brutes, we must shut out some part of mankind with them." The force of these statements may be somewhat weakened by the fact, that the same author wrote "A Reply to The Grand Question Debated, fully proving that the Soul of Man is and *must be* IMMORTAL," which was published the same year and bound in the same volume, with a title-page bearing the imprint of London. In this latter essay he knocks over the arguments he had set up in the former. In another book published at London in the early part of the eighteenth century, entitled "The Just Scrutiny, or a Serious Enquiry into the Modern Notions

of the Soul," the author asserts that brutes "have those immortal substances called souls"; and he seems to have no doubt that they are the same in kind with our own; for to the suggestion that, although brutes have souls, these are very different from the souls of men, as brutal souls serve only for salt to keep their flesh sweet the little time they live, he laughs "Hah! hah! hah!" and deigns no further reply.

An argument against the immortality of brutes, which may possess considerable weight with some persons in these days of ghost-seeing and ghost-talking, is stated by Southey's "Doctor." Often as he had heard of apparitions in animal forms, all such tales were of some spirit or hobgoblin which had assumed that appearance; but in no instance had he ever heard of the ghost of an animal. Yet, if the immaterial part of such creatures survived in a separate state of consciousness, he asks why their spirits should not sometimes have been seen as well as those of our departed fellow-creatures? No cock or hen ghost, he says, was ever alarmed by the spirit of its pet lamb; no dog or cat ever came like a shadow to visit the hearth on which it rested while living. He adduces the authority of the Jesuit Thyraeus, who had profoundly studied the science of demonology, that, whenever the apparition of a brute beast or monster was seen, it was a devil in that shape. This fact, therefore, afforded, in his judgment, no weak presumption against the existence of animal ghosts.

To those who adopted a purely mechanical or material view of the brute creation, in order to escape the conviction that all animals are immortal, the argument from immateriality to immortality must have seemed wholly conclusive. This argument, however, proves too much as well as too little,—too much, because it makes just as strongly against the possibility of the soul's being created as it does against its being destroyed. The ancient philosophers, therefore, according to this reasoning, were quite right in maintaining the doctrine of the soul's pre-existence, and we have seen that they very generally coupled that doctrine with a belief in a future state. The argument proves too little, because it fails to prove the soul's abiding personality. Those who find in it a demonstration of the soul's immateriality ought consistently to admit the

immortality of all animated beings. Mr. Hallam, in his "Literature of the Middle Ages," says that few at present who believe in the immateriality of the human soul would deny the same to an elephant; but he owns that the discoveries of zoölogy have pushed this to consequences which some might not readily adopt, and that the spiritual being of a sponge revolts a little our prejudices; yet he declares there is no resting-place, and that we must admit this, or be content to sink ourselves into a mass of medullary fibre. He does not tell us explicitly what he thinks about the immortality of brutes, though he seems to accept the argument in full, and observes that the brute creation have been as slowly emancipated in philosophy as some classes of mankind have been in civil polity; the souls of brutes being almost universally disputed to them, at the end of the seventeenth century, even by those who did not absolutely bring them down to machinery.

The argument from immateriality no doubt serves a good purpose. It is good so far as it goes, though it does not go to the extent of proving immortality. Perhaps Lord Brougham makes too much of it, when he asserts that the immateriality of the soul is the foundation of all the doctrines relating to its future state. It is certainly conceivable that material forms may, at the pleasure of the Divine will, be immortal. By the fiat of the Power that created all things that exist, whether material or immaterial, the same are continued or destroyed. True, the soul, not being made up of parts, is not subject to decomposition. But we know also, that all the immaterial forces and essences in nature are exempt from certain known causes of change and decay. We have no experience of any force being absolutely annihilated. We have no acquaintance with any process by which even material things may be annihilated. We can hardly conceive of the possibility of such a thing. We throw some material substance into the fire, and the existing combination of its elements is destroyed; but though we see only a handful of ashes remaining of it, we know that the flame and heat were only an intermediate process in the formation of other elements which the eye cannot see. We throw another substance into water, and in a little time there is, to appearance, no

trace of it left; yet we know that not one particle has perished. We watch the dew in the morning, as it gradually disappears and is lost to superficial observation; but we know that its elementary particles have suffered no loss or change even. And so with all the phenomena of the material universe; our knowledge of the actual result of the changes that are constantly going on is in direct contradiction with the result at first apparent to us. What is true of matter itself we can much more readily conceive to be true of the subtle properties of material bodies, and all the active physical forces, as gravitation and electricity, light and heat. "Can we admit," it has been asked, "that the elements composing the globe we inhabit are imperishable, though we see all the bodies on its surface forever decaying, and doubt for a moment the indestructible nature of the power of attraction, by whose agency the world is maintained in its form and preserved in its orbit, and which must have existed unchanged since the creation of the universe?" The power of gravitation appears to be dependent upon a material agent. We know little of its nature or mode of operation; but we know that it exists; we know that its power is not diminished by the decay and new combination of the objects in which it is manifested; and we know that it must have been coexistent with planetary motion, and we must presume that it will continue as long as the universe stands. Similar observations might be made of chemical attraction, of electricity, of light, of heat, of the principle of vegetable life, and of all the manifold forces of the universe.

These considerations present very strong analogical evidence that no vital or mental force is ever annihilated. This force seems to us more imperishable than matter or any physical force. It seems to us to be far more distinct from the body than gravitation or electricity is from the material universe. We can hardly conceive of the mind's power of retaining and associating and combining its perceptions, as anything less than a superior presiding agent, distinct from the organization of the brain, and capable of acting after that organization is wholly destroyed. Even the phenomena of life in the organic structure and arrangement of the body require for their evo-

lution a pre-existing power, distinct from matter itself. Something of the mind's independence of physical organization may be seen in its remaining itself unchanged, while the material particles of the brain and of the entire physical system are undergoing constant mutations; and something, too, of the mind's permanence may be seen in its remaining the same percipient power through all the mutations of thought and feeling and sensation of which it is itself the subject. At present, perhaps, no particle is remaining of the body that belonged to us several years ago; while many of the thoughts and feelings we then experienced have wholly faded from our memory; and yet we retain as distinct a consciousness of our personal identity as if the body had suffered no change at all. Here, then, the soul's existence, after the body has been dissipated and formed into new combinations, is a fact of our own experience; for the various changes which the body suffers during our progress through life are just as effective in resolving the body into its elements, as is the more sudden change that takes place at death. Remaining unchanged while the material organization without is ever changing, and while ever changing, too, are its own inner perceptions, the mind's existence after that change which frees it wholly from material things seems most probable. These changes may at least symbolize its continuance after death, as this change of death is itself symbolized in all the changes of the material world, being an intermediate step only to the entrance upon another state of being.

These analogies, whatever they may be worth, afford for the most part just as good evidence of the immortality of other animals, as they do of that of man himself; the chief difference being, that the permanence of the human mind is indicated in that most important fact of its history, — its conscious identity, — while this testimony is wanting in the case of the brute. The use of these speculations, however, is not so much to establish the immortality of the immaterial principle in either man or brute, as it is to refute the objections which seem, to a superficial view, to be conclusive against the possibility of the continuance of that mysterious power after the destruction of the body it animates. The argument from this source, it

must be confessed, fails to meet the vital question, which is, not whether the soul continues to be, but whether it continues consciously to live.

Our belief in our own immortality does not come from any considerations of the essential indestructibility of matter, or even of that which is immaterial ; nor does it come from any metaphysical speculations about the nature of the mind, and its capacity of existing separate from bodily organization ; but aside from revelation, it comes rather from a consciousness of self, as a spiritual being of far-reaching thoughts, and of high capabilities, never finding the range of its powers in this present world, but desiring and demanding a future for its full development. We feel within us great mental and moral capacities, which are never satisfied by any attainments we make in this life. We feel that our spiritual progress is only begun here, and that what progress we have made is of little account unless there is an hereafter. Why, if this life be all, should we

“ With God himself
Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his the relish of our souls ” ?

Why was the knowledge of a Deity given to us, and why the thought of an hereafter, and the desire for it ?

“ Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ? ”

The value we place upon existence is infinitely more than that we place upon a single year of our life, not merely three-score and ten times as great. The desire of immortality is natural to man, and is encouraged by the best aspirations of his nature ; may we not reasonably believe that the Infinite Being who implanted this desire has provided for its gratification ?

But when we examine the faculties and actions of the lower animals, we find them all wonderfully adapted to their present life ; but what have they to do with any life beyond this ? Have they any faculties which, just beginning to unfold in the present, promise an indefinite progress in the future ? Have they any desires which the conditions of their present life are

not able to satisfy? Do they hold converse with God? Do they exhibit any curiosity concerning the wonderful phenomena of the earth and the heavens, or even concerning those common objects which immediately surround them? Do their thoughts extend into futurity? Have they any conception of an hereafter? Do they show any dread "of falling into naught"? Have they a moral consciousness, and can they earn a heaven of happiness by virtue, or a hell of woe by sin? Do they perceive and love beauty in any form, and most of all the infinite perfection of spiritual beauty?

Some of these inquiries it may not be worth while to consider seriously; but we find answers already furnished to some of them, which from their ingenuity and quaintness, if from nothing more, are deserving of attention; they afford at least a good means of illustrating the subject.

It is not surprising that, among the ancients, who were constantly assimilating the lower orders of animals to man, there were those who ascribed to them both moral and religious endowments. While some acknowledged no difference between man and other animals but religion, others denied that this was a peculiar privilege of his. Pliny places religion among the moral virtues of elephants, saying that "it is reported that in the forests of Mauritania they go down in troops to a certain river called Amto, in the decrease of the moon, where they are purified by sprinkling water in a solemn manner, and after adoration of the luminary return unto the woods, carrying their tired young ones."

About a century ago, Richard Dean expressed his opinion, that now and then we meet with a few animals that discover something like a notion of religion in particular instances. He quotes the observation of the Rev. Dr. Hildrop, to the effect that the several places in Scripture where the inferior creatures are said to praise God, or are called upon so to do, have a much more exalted meaning than is generally conceived by vulgar minds; and he himself thinks that the Scriptures plainly intimate that brute animals will have a being in the future. "There are brutes," he says, "which would sooner be hanged than pilfer or steal, under the greatest temptation; there are brutes which are invariably true to their attachments,

that take up affections and profess friendships which nothing but death itself can dissolve. It has been averred in print, that a certain *dumb* creature aided in the chorus of an anthem; and it is notorious to the world, that numbers of them make as great a point of attending church on public service days as the most rigid pietists do. Indeed, it may be objected that a brute goes to church only because his master goes, — that he is ignorant of what passes there, and returns home the same brute he went, neither better nor worse than he was before. But allowing this to be a fact, it by no means proves that the brute is less religious than multitudes of the human species are. For thousands of these go to church only because their acquaintances go, — follow father or mother, uncles or aunts, as a dog follows his master, — are as unmindful as this animal of what is said or done there, and return home as ignorant and uninformed as the veriest brute upon earth."

At best this statement of the religious character and cultivation of the dog is not very flattering to that animal, and would hardly prove satisfactory even to an intelligent member of that class of church-goers. That many of the human species are not at all improved by their attendance at church, may be a lamentable fact; but it cannot be denied that some men go to church and thereby become better, and purer, and more spiritual. But who ever heard of any dog who by this means or any other became a whit more refined in nature than he was before, or more moral or spiritual than any other individual of his species? Is the church mouse any better or worse than any other mouse? Is he in any respect raised in the scale of being by the discipline of his proverbial poverty? It is true that the dog exercises a negative sort of virtue in his attendance upon church, for he does not go there with any private designs on his Maker, or with any selfish, calculating aim that he shall be rewarded therefor; and he is never found acting on that low principle of virtue which consists in doing good merely for the sake of getting to heaven. All observation, however, tells us that, let the brute do as he will, he always remains the abject vassal of his nature, destitute of any moral consciousness or spiritual individuality. Among the higher animals, a certain kind of individuality is very marked and

apparent. Yet Schlegel, in his "Philosophy of Life," says it seems very questionable whether, with propriety, an individual soul can be attributed to animals. With those that are most closely domesticated with man, he admits there does undoubtedly arise, as it were by a sort of mental contagion, the appearance of individuality and difference of character; but in those kinds which remain undisturbed in their natural state, the whole species possess the same character, and have, consequently, the same common soul. Doubtless to such an observer of the animal world as Agassiz this individuality is much more clearly manifest than to others, and he declares that there exists as much individuality, within their respective capacities, among animals as among men, of which, he says, every sportsman, or every keeper of a menagerie, or every farmer and shepherd can testify, who has had a large experience with wild, or tamed, or domesticated animals. He tells us, too, that when animals fight with one another, when they associate for a common purpose, when they warn one another of danger, when they come to the rescue of one another, when they display pain or joy, they manifest impulses of the same kind as are considered among the moral attributes of man. It is undoubtedly true that these animals apparently exercise moral qualities the same in kind as those manifested by man; but if these qualities are never contemplated by them in the abstract, and never become objective to their minds, they are to them as if they existed not. That animals do not possess this power of contemplating moral distinctions is evident from the fact that no improvement of the moral nature is ever observable in them. And then, if animals were able to contemplate the gratitude and fidelity and kindness which their actions sometimes apparently so strikingly exhibit, they would be worthy of individual praise and blame; and yet we never think of one animal as spiritually good or evil, as contrasted with any other animal of the same, or even of any other species. True, we speak of a "vicious horse"; but do we mean more than to say that the instincts and passions of the animal are unsubdued, or that the animal, through mismanagement or wrong training, has acquired bad habits? Do we mean that the horse is spiritually evil, or even morally so? We

might, perhaps, say that the wolf is in nature evil, as contrasted with the rabbit, and the hawk evil in nature, as contrasted with the robin. But would any one say that the one is morally or spiritually good or evil, as compared with the other? Would any one say that they are morally or spiritually accountable for the goodness or the evil that dwells in their natures?

It has, nevertheless, seemed to some that animals possess some degree of moral consciousness. Agassiz declares that the gradations of the moral faculties among the higher animals and men are so imperceptible, that to deny to the first a certain sense of responsibility and consciousness would be an exaggeration of the difference between animals and men; and he thinks that this consciousness and the individuality of animals argue strongly in favor of the existence in every animal of an immaterial principle similar to that which, by its excellence and superior endowments, places man so much above animals. Leigh Hunt says it is impossible to look with much reflection at any animal, especially one of the half-thinking class, and not consider that he probably partakes more of our own thoughts and feelings than we are aware of; and he asks: "Does not Tomkins go to heaven? Has not the veriest bumpkin of a squire that rides after the hounds an immortal soul? If so, why not the whole pack? It may be said that the pack are too brutal and bloodthirsty, — they would require a great deal of improvement. Well, let them have it, and the squire along with them. It has been thought by some that the brutal, or those who are unfit for heaven, will be annihilated. Others conceive that they will be bettered in other shapes. Whatever be the case, it is difficult to think that many beasts and birds are not as fit to go to heaven at once as many human beings, — people who talk of their seats there with as much confidence as if they had booked their names for them at a box-office." And much in the same way Theodore Parker declares, that, if the Spanish inquisitor and the American kidnapper can be thought immortal and capable of eternal happiness, he sees not how we can deny eternal life to any Abyssinian hyena, or to a rattlesnake from Kentucky far less ugly and venomous. No doubt the religious nature of man is the surest pledge he has of his own immortality; and

reh,
rast-
sted
nor-
ner?
unt-
res?
ssess
the
nals
st a
e an
and
ani-
imal
xcel-
bove
much
king
our
l he
riest
ortal
that
d re-
re it,
t by
, will
ed in
think
once
there
ames
Theo-
l the
ble of
life to
y far
re of
, and



1

so

m

m

o

w

n

fo

li

m

w

o

f

v

c

l

n

c

n

f

h

v

c

t

s

v

n

s

h

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

t

c

some persons manifest so little of this nature, that a future life may sometimes seem almost as baseless for them as for the animals of the field. But when we see in the good and noble ones of the earth what grandeur the human soul is capable of, we feel that all who bear the outward impress and image of man have the germs of a spiritual nature that will unfold forever. We turn from man's likeness to the brute, to his likeness to the Divinity, and feel our confidence in his immortality restored, much in the same way that Sydney Smith was put at ease about the superiority of mankind; for he owns that sometimes he felt a little uneasy at Exeter 'Change, from contrasting the monkeys with the 'prentice boys who were teasing them; but a few pages of Locke, or a few lines of Milton, always restored him to tranquillity, and convinced him that the superiority of man had nothing to fear.

The objection that the animals of the brute creation have no powers adapted to another and higher condition of existence, has been met by some with the suggestion, that there may be powers and capacities in them now latent, which, in a future state, may develop into some form of perfection and beauty that would seem to us not unworthy of an immortality. When Bishop Butler, seeking from the analogies of nature to establish the immortality of man, was met with the objection, that the proofs or presumptions he adduced applied as well in support of the natural immortality of brutes, which they were thought to be incapable of on account of their limited capacities and attainments, he replied, that even this was not an insuperable difficulty; since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with. There was once, he declared, prior to experience, as great presumption against one's arriving at that degree of understanding which we have in mature age, as there is against any future development of brute creatures; and, besides, it is a general law of nature, that creatures endued with capacities of virtue and religion should be placed in a condition of being in which they are altogether without the use of them for a considerable part of their lives, as in infancy and childhood. He did not think, however, that the immortality of brutes was dependent upon their possessing any latent capacities of a rational or moral nature.

At the present day the fact must be recognized, that men of thought and science are coming more and more to believe that all beings have been created, in Divine wisdom, with adaptations and correspondences which reveal to him who perceives aright both the world within them and the world without; that the outward relations of the animal and the provisions made for it in the universe, on the one hand, and on the other its inner faculties and wants, each signify and illustrate the other. And this consideration goes to strengthen the conclusion that the moral and religious nature of man, and his desire and expectation of immortality, imply and suggest the fact of his immortality; while the apparent absence of any capacities or desires in other animals which are not exactly accommodated and satisfied and fulfilled by their condition in this life, implies that they are for this world only. We know that not one of the countless myriads of animated beings with which the earth and waters and air have been teeming through all these ages was created in vain; but what the ultimate object of this creation was, we can only doubtfully conjecture.

The want of any moral or spiritual nature in animals is very apparent, whatever may be the consequence of this deficiency; and if this deficiency really exist, it is not easy to see how a further state of existence, whether better or worse than the present, is either necessary or possible for them.

“Yet some have held that they are all possessed,
And may be damned, although they can't be blessed.”

The Jesuit Father Bougeaut, in his “*Philosophical Amusement upon the Language of Beasts*,” sets forth the doctrine that a distinct and separate devil dwells in each animal. He thinks that the reprobate spirits whom God has doomed to burn forever in hell may be awaiting the day of the final judgment for the execution of this sentence; and he infers that, till doomsday comes, God, in order not to suffer so many legions of these spirits to be of no use, has distributed them through the several species of the world, to serve the designs of his providence, and make his omnipotence to appear. Some, continuing in their natural state, — and there are enough of these, — busy themselves in tempting men. By this means, he says,

he can easily understand how, on the one hand, the devils can tempt us, and, on the other, how beasts can think, know, have sentiments and a spiritual soul, without any way striking at the doctrines of religion. He explains how the extreme littleness of an infinite number of beasts is no obstacle to their being the abodes of these spirits. "How! will one say, is it possible to believe that a devil can be lodged in a fly, a flea, or a mite? But how! might not he be as well lodged there as in a horse or an ox? A spirit having absolutely no extension, in order to be united to a body, does not require that this body be more or less extensive." Father Bougeaut also explains how the devils whom God has destined to animate the bodies of animals never want employment or lodging. "For if any species happen to fail or be considerably diminished, they may pass into the eggs of another, and multiply that. This is what sometimes causes those prodigious clouds of locusts, and those innumerable swarms of caterpillars, which lay waste our fields and gardens. We look into cold or heat, rains or winds, for the cause of these amazing multiplications, and the true reason is, that in the year they come, or in the foregoing, an extraordinary number of deer, birds, or fishes have perished with all their eggs; so that the devils which animated them have been obliged, suddenly, to get into the very first species they found disposed to receive them, and which had as it were so many houses to be let." More fortunate, therefore, would these spirits seem to be than, according to the Mormon belief, are the human spirits that crowd the embryonic shores, waiting for their bodies.

It was also the hypothesis of Mr. Ramsey, who wrote in the early part of the last century, that the souls of brutes are certain intelligences that fell in a pre-existent state, whom God doomed to be confined to brutal machines in the present, till they have suffered a destined time the miseries of degradation, and their crimes are atoned for.

"Poor Tray! art thou indeed a mere machine,
Whose vital power is a spirit unclean?"

According to the Mahometan belief, as we read in a note to Sale's Koran, the irrational animals will also be restored to

life at the resurrection, that they may be brought to judgment, and have vengeance taken on them for the injuries they did one another while in this world. The unarmed cattle shall take vengeance on the horned, till entire satisfaction shall be given to the injured.

We have quoted elsewhere the ingenious defence which Mr. Dean makes with regard to the religion of brutes. With a much better show of good sense, he goes on to say, that, if they are incapable of religion, the consequence is only that they have no right to a state designed for beings exercised therein; but that it does not follow that, because they have no right to a state of this superior degree hereafter, they have therefore a right to none at all. He argues that it cannot be unbecoming the same Power that created the most diminutive animals, to continue their existence. Do you ask if a silly worm, or a paltry fly, or a despicable mite, have an existence in another world? Why had you a gift of a moral understanding, and for what reason are you exposed to so many difficulties in the pursuit of an interest which such insignificant things are sure to obtain without them? Would it not have been better for you that you had been a fly also? The curate replies: "Thy sentiments, O man, are the suggestions of pride, envy, and prejudice." "Moreover," he continues, "since God, in the formation of creatures, displays his perfections to the end he may be adored and magnified for the excellence and variety of them, is it not extremely probable that they will be continued to serve the like purposes in the world to come? The ways and works of Divine Providence are but little known at present; and yet the contemplations exercised about them, wrapt up as they are in clouds and darkness, are the sources of much pleasure to the soul of man, and furnish many noble arguments for praise and reverence. If this is the case now as to the matter of our contemplations upon the works of creation, what will it be then, when all the secrets of nature are manifested, when everything which God has made is exhibited in its utmost perfection, and all the wonders of his wisdom fall within the compass of human knowledge? We dare not presume to assert that the happiness of man in a state of glorification

will consist in scenes of this sort, and yet we cannot find that the notion of such a thing is incompatible with any state of intelligences, however elevated. For Infinite Wisdom forms no creature of any kind that is not fit to employ the contemplation and engage the attention of spirits in all degrees of their exaltation. This is true of any one single production of Divine wisdom, and of the least of the creatures of God's power; and therefore must be especially so of the whole collection of them. And what is there amiss in supposing that some of the hours of our happiness in futurity may be spent in surveying the noble strokes of elegance and beauty discoverable in this immense collection? Would it not be a rational employment, agreeable to the purest taste, and compatible with the dignity of human spirits in any degree of bliss or state of exaltation? We cannot think that the supposition of such a case is indubitable, admitting that we are ever to be acquainted with the prodigies of our Maker's art, and the several dark particulars relating to the animal world are in any future age to be cleared up and explained to us. . . . Must there not be a huge chasm and a vast defect in the universe, if all nature is to be radically destroyed below man? Must there not be wanting, on this hypothesis, myriads of creatures to testify the excellence of the Divinity? What can exhibit the perfection of infinite life but the communication of all possible degrees of it? of infinite goodness, but the gift of all possible degrees of happiness? and of infinite power, but all possible varieties of being which can be conceived or imagined? We can look no way now but we meet with instances of the greatness of the Deity; and will there be fewer testimonies of his perfection in a better world? If anything is certain, it is that the perfections of God will never be less visible in his works than they are at present." In a similar strain of thought, Agassiz says "that a future life, in which men should be deprived of that great source of enjoyment and intellectual and moral improvement which results from the contemplation of the harmonies of an organic world, would involve a lamentable loss"; and he asks if "we may not look to a spiritual concert of the combined worlds, and all their inhabitants, in presence of their Creator, as the highest conception of paradise." Weighty consider-

ations these ; but it must be kept in mind, that, with all our inquisitiveness about the future life, we are quite unable to make out through the shadows of the dark frontier what may be the realities beyond ; and the conditions of our existence, and the sources and means of our knowledge, these are all unknown to us.

It has seemed to many minds to be a reflection upon the goodness and wisdom and justness of God, to suppose that there is no after-life for those of the brute creation that suffer under heavy burdens in this life, without finding in it any compensation for their sufferings in the way of an enlarged welfare. As this recompense does not come to them in this life, it is thought that it must come in another state of existence. This argument is stated by the author of "The Great Question Debated," from which we have already quoted. "In whatsoever degree we are pleased to consider ourselves above the brute creation," he says, "nobody will deny but that the great Creator acts with impartial justice towards every one, even the most minute and insignificant of his creatures. Why is it, then, a horse, a dog, or a cat shall be nourished and fed with all the necessaries of life, while others of their species shall be subject to continual hard labor, to whipping, or being worried to death ? Can we suppose this or that horse, dog, or cat has deserved more or less from the hands of its Creator than another ? If not, certainly there must be, according to our notions of justice with respect to ourselves, a state in which the sufferer shall be recompensed for the pains and fatigues of this life." The great Rabbi Arnould, as stated by Bayle, says that among the Jews it was an opinion, ancient as the Prophets, that the providence of God extended to everything ; and that, when followers of this opinion were asked what justice there was in the death of beasts, what sin they had committed, and why God, since his providence extended to all, would have an innocent rat pulled in pieces by a cat, they answered, God had ordered it so ; but that he would recompense that rat in another world. It was very ridiculous, added the Rabbi, to think that there should be a heaven for beasts ! Without the supposition of another life, Theodore Parker could not "vindicate the ways of God" to the horse and the ox. To

him the immortality of all animals appeared in harmony with the analogy of nature, rational, benevolent, and beautiful. The poet Rogers could hardly persuade himself that there is no compensation in a future existence for the sufferings of animals in the present life. On the other hand, the poet Montgomery thought there was no foundation for this notion, that injustice is done to animals, unless they find retribution in another life for their sufferings here. Their sufferings, he says, are not mental, but physical, and are considerably less than we are at first induced to imagine; and the animals that do suffer in an extraordinary way, like the post-horse, and some others, form a very inconsiderable portion of the general mass; and even among these there are very few, if any, which have not a much greater quota of enjoyment than of suffering. Those lambs, for instance, that are frisking by our side, are rearing for the butcher; they will suffer death, but death to them will be only a momentary pang. According to Wollaston, the loss of life is no great hardship to animals; he thinks it is really no loss at all. In "The Religion of Nature" he declares that "they perceive by moments without reflection upon past or future, upon causes, circumstances, &c. Time and life without thinking are next neighbors to nothing, to no-time and no-life. And therefore to kill a brute is to deprive him of a life or a remainder of time that is equal to little more than nothing." This is certainly a very ingenious statement; but the logic of it would scarcely prove satisfactory to all minds. We have taken the opinion of some of the poets on the subject of the brute world, and we find in this connection some expressions of Pope's which lead us to think that this argument of Wollaston would not have been received with much favor by him.

"I shall be very glad," said Spence to the poet, "to see Dr. Hales, and always love to see him, he is so worthy and good a man."

Pope. "Yes, he is a very good man; only I'm sorry he has his hands so much imbrued in blood."

Spence. "What! he cuts up rats?"

Pope. "Ay, and dogs too!" ("With what emphasis and concern," says the relator, "he spoke it.") "Indeed, he com-

mits most of those barbarities with the thought of being of use to man ; but how do we know that we have a right to kill creatures that we are so little above as dogs, for our curiosity, or even for some use to us ? ”

Spence. “ I used to carry it too far ; I thought they had reason as well as we.”

Pope. “ So they have, to be sure. All our disputes about that are only disputes about words. Man has reason enough only to know what is necessary for him to know, and dogs have just that too.”

Spence. “ But then they have souls too, as imperishable in their nature as ours ? ”

Pope. “ And what harm would that be to us ? ”

This is a very striking instance of a sensitive regard for animals in the light of our fellow-creatures. Mrs. Jameson, in her “ Commonplace Book,” remarks upon the general lack of sympathy manifested among Christian nations for the lower animals. With the Mahometans and Brahminical races, humanity to animals, and the sacredness of life in all its forms, is much more of a religious principle than among ourselves ; and in accounting for this strange fact, she says it would seem as if the primitive Christians, by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy.

The lower animals know nothing of the misery which man experiences in contemplating what may happen in the future. They live in the present moment, and the objects immediately before them seem to supersede the consideration of all things else. In illustration of this fact, Sir B. C. Brodie, in the second part of his *Psychological Inquiries*, mentions the following anecdote, which was related to him by a gentleman who was an eyewitness of the circumstance to which it relates : “ In a hunt, the hounds had very nearly reached the fox, when a rabbit crossed his path. Apparently forgetting his own danger, the fox turned on one side to catch the rabbit, and was soon afterwards himself seized by the dogs, with the rabbit in his mouth.”

It is undoubtedly true that there is very much more happi-

ness than suffering in the animal world. The ox browsing in the shade is the picture of contentment; though sometimes severely tasked, he never quarrels with his lot; he never pines with regret for the past; and he takes no thought for the morrow. The squirrel in the tree was never known to have a melancholy day. His little heart has sometimes beat hard with the agonizing sensation of fear; but this fear is only sufficient for the animal's preservation, and the purpose of the pain that attends it proves a benevolent one. Animals suffer from heat and cold; but the suffering in the same manner serves to keep them safe from perils which might else destroy. They taste some poisonous plant, and some painful sensation proclaims the unfitness of the thing for their use. If a condition of their existence is violated, if an instinct is denied its gratification, the attendant pain forces them to resort to the course of action suited to their natures. To some animals, the loss of their mates, or of their young, is a source of suffering; but this suffering is only sufficient, with the attending fear of loss, to secure for these objects of their solicitude the same care and protection they themselves have received, or still enjoy. And so with almost all the forms of pain which we meet with in the animal world, — the pain the animal suffers all tends to its own general welfare. But there are exceptional cases of pain and misery for which the sufferer does not seem to reap any compensation in this life, and so must find it in another life, if at all. Analogy perhaps leads to the inference that this exceptional suffering is not wholly an evil; —

“that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill.”

Else is the benevolent purpose of the Creator attained? Are the brutes, too, fallen creatures, that they should suffer? Has some Adam of the race of horses nibbled at the forbidden fruit, that this poor animal in the dray should be overtaken all his days by some brutal driver? The good Father Malebranche had some such notion as this; for it is related that, when pressed in conversation by some of his friends with objections to the justice of God drawn from the sufferings of the brutes, he replied: *Apparemment ils ont mangé du foin*

défendu. If he had then been acquainted with the mechanical theory of Descartes, he would not have been driven to this curious invention. In view of the easy solution this theory affords of the apparent sufferings to which the lower animals are subject, Baillet tells us that the great Pascal esteemed it the most valuable part of the Cartesian philosophy.

Father Bougeaut finds a ready explanation for the sufferings of animals in his hypothesis that their souls are reprobate spirits. If he is told that the poor beasts are doomed to suffer excessive evils, he has no pity at all for them; but rather he admires the goodness of the Creator for giving him so many little devils to serve and amuse him; and he admires, too, the justice of the sentence God has passed upon them for their guilt; at any rate, he is not going to be troubled about the consequences of this dreadful decree, for he had no manner of share in giving it.

These theories and conjectures attest the difficulty men have experienced in finding an explanation of the sufferings of animals. This is indeed a theme for our reflection; though perhaps we may not in the end determine anything. Here we follow the dubious light of analogy; we see imperfectly the purposes of God; and we may be obliged to submit to the feeling that we cannot wholly solve the mystery.

The want of a self-conscious personality on the part of all unintelligent animals is a most important fact bearing upon the question of their immortality. We speak of the existence of this want as an established fact; but it may be asked, what we know about their consciousness. True, as far as our remembrance goes, we never resided in the head of any brute animal, that we should know just what the nature of his mind and the modes of its operation are. But we seem to be able to make out, from our observation of the methods and results of the mental processes of animals, enough to satisfy us that their consciousness is different from our own, or in a different stage of development. It is not, therefore, solely in the hardihood of ignorance that we assert that the consciousness of self forms a most vital distinction between the nature of intelligent and unintelligent beings.

Consciousness does not consist merely in the mind's recog-

dition of the various confluent streams of sensation ; but the recognition of them as states or modifications of self, as contradistinguished from an objective world. This consciousness implies both memory and thought. A being without the power of remembering and reflecting upon the objects of its sensation would feel certain impressions from them all ; but upon a change of these objects, they would be to him as if they had never existed ; and probably, as he would have no means of comparing different effects by means of placing them together in the mind, he would have no clear perception of their diversity, as separate objects ; much less would he consciously separate himself from the world about him. Every change to him would be a change of feeling only, and he would never be conscious of even this change as a modification of self. That there really are animals with this low degree of consciousness seems most probable. But most animals seem to have a certain power of retaining and associating together the impressions made upon their organs of sense. They in some measure separate the various objects of perception one from another, and recognize a likeness or unlikeness between them. The impressions once made may spontaneously recur upon the happening of any of the circumstances under which they were originally excited, so that the sight of a certain object may suggest an imagination of the feelings or impressions with which the sight of the object was attended at a former time. In this association of impressions there is no conscious knowledge that these impressions are the same that occurred on a former occasion ; they are not set apart and made objects of conscious thought ; nor can they be recalled by any effort of the will. This is a very imperfect and partial kind of consciousness. In true consciousness the mind, independently of the presence of the object, and without any association of place or time, abstracts and carries with itself the leading attributes of the object, and by these alone can reproduce the image of it at will, and can consciously recognize it when it is presented to the senses at another time. In such an act of consciousness the mind perceives itself to be the continuous subject of these successive modifications that come from objects from without ; it recog-

nizes its own personal identity and permanence. The subject consciously stands over against the object. Our language implies this consciousness of our own existence and that of the world without, and bears witness to the very beginning of the process of separation between these in the human mind.

“ The baby new to earth and sky,
What time his tender palm is pressed
Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that ‘ this is I ’ ;

“ But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of ‘ I ’ and ‘ me,’
And finds ‘ I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.’ ”

Moreover, the expression of the mind's thought or emotion in words in some manner gives the thought or emotion a separate and independent existence, though at the same time we recognize them as modifications of self.

So far as we can make out, there is nothing of this true and complete consciousness to be found in the brute creation. Does the bee ever say or think within itself, “ I am a bee,” or “ That is a flower ” ? The bee perceives the flower, but acts in reference to it only by a blind impulse, without any distinct apprehension of its own personality or the flower's separate existence. If the bee had the intelligence which should enable it to say to itself, “ I am,” and “ That is,” might it not make itself the subject of its conscious thought ? Might it not also rise superior to its emotions and impulses, and contemplate them as something separate from itself ? Does not true self-consciousness imply reason, and hence potentially all rational knowledge ? If the brute could consciously say or think, “ I am,” might it not also ask, “ Whence am I ? ” And might it not attain to the knowledge of a first cause, or a God ? Instead of any such development of mind in the brute, we observe only the operation of faculties which have no power of developing at all ; but which act blindly and unconsciously all through the animal's life in a certain definite and unvarying course, and for the accomplishment of material objects only.

Turning from the lower animals to man, we find that a

conscious separation of self from the objective world is instantly effected by every individual of the race. The child accomplishes this separation in the very first distinctive act of perception. The first time he intelligently says "I," he proclaims by words that he has attained to conscious personality. The savage, without the least culture, not only consciously separates himself from the outer world, but to a certain extent makes himself an object to himself by reflection upon his own emotions and desires, by contemplation of the right and the wrong tendencies of his nature, and by thought of his spirit's continued life in another world.

Can there be any personal immortality for the being which has attained in this life to no conscious personality? The immaterial principle that constitutes the animal's life-spring may be in its own nature indestructible; but it would seem that, if it be so, it must continue the same imperfect life it lived before; it would seem that it could not have a personal existence of which it had known nothing in this life. Even if this being shall no longer have a separate existence, but its life shall be absorbed in the future into some fountain of general life, or shall go out in darkness, as a candle goes out when burnt to the socket, the loss of existence would not seem to be a wrong done to the being itself, or a folly committed by the Creator. But the self-conscious personality of man is a guaranty that, if the spirit outlives the body, it will carry with it its essential attribute of conscious selfhood; and, more than this, it seems to be a pledge that this spirit which now dwells in the world, and is yet consciously separate from it, that this spirit which is bound up in material bonds, and yet feels itself free from them, that this spirit which is aware of an ever-changing state of consciousness, and yet sees itself remain the same, will continue to live after the body perishes. And who shall count the value of existence to this self-conscious being, just awakened here into life, of such capabilities of growth and enjoyment, and longing for a career of unending life?

We do not, of course, presume to pass judgment upon our humble neighbors of the brute creation. The thoughts and illustrations which have occupied our attention may serve

in some manner to indicate what others have thought of their fate, and what we ourselves think it may be. But we feel that we are walking in a realm of mystery, and that our human reason throws only a glimmer of light upon the realities about us.

ART. IV. — PRISON DISCIPLINE IN ENGLAND.

The Prison Chaplain: a Memoir of Rev. John Clay, B. D. By his SON, REV. W. L. CLAY, M. A. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co. 1861.

A SERVICE would be rendered to public morals by a popular edition of the *Life of John Clay*, prison-chaplain at Preston. The bulk, expense, and faultiness of arrangement in his son's *Memoir*, the wearisome interpolation of long quotations from old prison reports, the copious use of such slang as "scatter-cash justices," "bribe-sucking Parliaments," the "statue-worry" of Howard, and the "orange-peel" state of England's great minister, demand a better treatment of so good a theme; notwithstanding the thorough study of the history of "pœnology," the excellent feeling and mature thought, which the Rev. Walter Lowe Clay has contributed to this monument of his noble father.

It must be familiar to all who have cared to inform themselves about prisons, that the British system, when Howard was led so providentially to its investigation, was incredibly and altogether bad; that confinement in jail was almost inevitable ruin; that barbarities worse than death were systematically practised, even in London, upon helpless prisoners; that no thought of criminal reformation was anywhere entertained; that some convicts were starved, some robbed, some kept in drunkenness, gambling, and other iniquities in the company of their jailers; and many annually murdered by the ever-present jail-fever and small-pox. It is enough to know that the English jails were dram-shops,

where the keeper sold liquor as money was furnished from without or within, and, so long as this partnership in self-indulgence paid well, never troubled himself about the scenes of riot, the debauchery, gambling, and murder, right beneath his own eyes. Having bought an unsalaried office, he was bent on making the most of his bargain.

It was not to have been expected, in so conservative a country as England, that even the entire devotion of Howard's life to the reform which has made his name immortal could have cured so deep-seated an evil. He was not a great man, though he started a great movement. He was not inspired with the wisdom which has been worked out slowly since his day through many a failure; but he was through all his life feeling his way forward, creating a public opinion, and making ready the ground on which future reformers would build. With his death, in 1791, public interest naturally waned. Gloucestershire was probably the only part of England where the problem of a proper discipline was attempted to be solved by a division of prisoners in the jail into three working-classes, separation at night, and the employment of a schoolmaster and a chaplain. But the vast increase of English crime at the beginning of this century overcrowded this jail, as it did every other, and "the deluge swamped the separate system at Gloucester." There was no doubt a universal loss of ground at that time. Old abuses crept back. New schemes were ridiculed out of sight. Once a criminal was set down to be forever a criminal.

Yet, only two years after Howard's death, Bentham was urging his own defective system of discipline with such power as to attract public attention, and nearly secure the erection of an immense Panopticon, over which the philosopher himself was to preside. But, besides the insurmountable physical difficulties in his way, his scheme was certain to fail by rejecting the invaluable aid of religion. Its hope was just that semi-civilized one realized by many a state-prison in America, to make the institution support itself, and the criminal repent through the magical power of industry. Unspeakably better than Sydney Smith's brutal idea of reclaiming the vicious by cruelty alone, safer certainly in its results than

Mrs. Fry's plan of reformation by religion alone, Bentham's plan fell altogether short of the only thorough discipline, the combination of industry and religion with kindness and hope, in awakening contrition and producing a change of life. It was, however, the agitation of the subject by Jeremy Bentham, though immediately the motion of Sir Samuel Romilly, which gave the first system of revived interest in the erection of a National Penitentiary at Millbank, — a melancholy experiment, made in one of the worst situations that could possibly be found, — marshy, wet, gloomy, and pestilential.

It is hard to conceive, in a civilized land, the condition of criminal law which prompted the labors of Romilly. Partial reforms might be attempted, here and there, by some energetic magistrate; but at each fresh story of daring crime the cry went up at once for summary execution of the laws, — laws which punished no less than two hundred offences with death. Then, as soon as a few had suffered capitally, would come a natural relenting, which made jurors violate their oaths rather than hang a man for stealing forty shillings, or burn a woman for passing counterfeit coin; and so the whole system got crippled and demoralized. Horrible inhumanities remained, the barbarisms of "Old England." Women as well as untried prisoners were still heavily ironed; brutal keepers still starved their victims; typhus-fever hovered around the filthy, crowded prison-cell; mutual corruption seemed the design of this "school of morals"; the hulks, those hot-beds of iniquity, gave the finishing touch to the monstrous cruelty which English justice systematically wrought upon thousands of thousands.

Then came Mrs. Fry's mission, resembling that of Miss Dix, though far inferior to it in comprehensiveness, energy, wisdom, and success, and only surpassing it in originality and courage. Some of her agencies were merely temporary. Her ladies' committees easily became discouraged by their small success, as female convicts are always less hopeful subjects than men. Her idea of reclaiming idle prisoners by religious services, without any separation day or night, was simply absurd. Unlike the shy Howard, she rather courted publicity; had her reception days at Newgate; invited the wealthy and

noble to see penitents weep and Magdalens pray. Not that she lived upon such food, but that she thought the utmost publicity necessary to her cause. Feeling it to be a Divine call, as indeed it was, she went about it with a prophet's simplicity and a prophet's fervor. Though her own sacrifices were not to compare with Sarah Martin's, nor her labors a tenth part of those of Dorothy Dix, she established several grand principles; as, that only women should superintend women in prison; that Christian influences were a necessity in prison discipline; and that the condition of female convicts in transport-ships required immediate amelioration.

Nor were these all her improvements. She became the representative of a religious party, which, from a perfectly independent position, assailed the gallows, pressed upon Parliament the mitigation of a bloodthirsty criminal code, exposed abuses with an unsparing hand, and elevated prison discipline into equal interest with slave emancipation. Partly under her patronage, too, the "Society for the Improvement of Prison Discipline" came into being, the first Reformatory for boys was opened, and pamphlets swarmed upon the popular theme, Buxton's "Inquiry" running through six editions in a single year! The Parliamentary discussion of the subject did not languish, notwithstanding Romilly's lamented death; Sir James Mackintosh taking up the mantle of this prophet of humanity, with such vigor as to defeat the government by a successful motion to investigate the criminal law.

Unfortunately, the Prison Discipline Society stumbled, countenanced the treadmill, sanctioned the social labor of criminals, after a division into five classes, which often threw a novice into the society of an old offender. But the year of our Lord 1824 was one of marked progress. One hundred out of five hundred English prisons were reformed. The "Gaol Act" was a high-water mark to which juries and justices looked up; and, above all, John Clay began his mole-like task of rooting under English crime, at the great penitentiary in Preston.

A Franciscan convent had been fashioned into the county House of Correction centuries before. And, just as Howard was leaving England for the last time, a new prison was built

according to his ideas, on the spot where the Rev. Mr. Clay's life was to be spent. It was in fact a cheerful sort of factory. Labor was made as productive as possible; the burden upon the county was exceedingly light; the prisoners received half their earnings; the discipline in the yards was wretched, as might be supposed when much of it was administered by convicts; smoking, gambling, thieving, sparring, were daily recreations; and beneath these, in what was for the time a model prison, far worse vices were partly concealed. For twenty years the Preston chaplain had to feel his way in the dark. He must institute various experiments, suppress petty abuses, invent as well as perform his work, struggle with the justices, who insisted that the machine worked well, quarrel with the Governor, who resented such interference, and be rewarded with the same feeling of helplessness which has attended all such efforts from the beginning. His first labor was to enforce cleanliness, and prevent vicious intercourse, especially with outside villains. Then he introduced a day school and a Sunday school. The next step was the employment of a Matron, with the passionate opposition of the Governor. Still he went on extending his efforts, though often on the point of resigning in disgust, until he became convinced that his religious influence was destroyed by the herding together of the prisoners in the yards. The influence of the men over one another was to harden them against his exhortations. The meal-times and the hospital afforded him almost the only opportunity of approaching the busy convicts. He became desponding, and at last omitted the Eucharist, which the "Gaol Act" ordains shall be administered regularly in every penitentiary.

At length light came. In 1827 the American experiment in prison discipline attracted his attention. He had long urged upon the justices the necessity of entire separation as the only basis of discipline, and the only preparation for reform. Now he saw clearly how it could be accomplished, and redoubled his efforts with the magistrates, until, after seven years of constant entreaty, they yielded to his indefatigable importunity, and consented to try the "Silent System," — the system, that is, of associate labor through the day, and separa-

tion only at night. But even this effort, simple as it seems, was so much beyond their strength, that the project slumbered seven years, until Parliament took the grand step of advance by appointing prison inspectors throughout the kingdom ; and so accomplished a double task, dragging old abuses to light, and introducing a new system everywhere.

Still the Preston chaplain led the way. Thirty soldiers having been sentenced to confinement in his prison, he sought and obtained permission to experiment upon them. His daily worship in the chapel, his regular open-air exercise, his systematic instructions in the cell, worked like a charm. All improved, and some appeared to be reformed, by the discipline of silence. He felt encouraged to extend the experiment to those undergoing the first or the last month of their sentences. The magistrates were satisfied. More solitary cells were provided ; silence was enforced at work ; the staff of officers was increased ; the choleric old sailor was replaced by a Governor neither ashamed nor afraid to make improvements. And thus, after twenty-one years' perseverance, Mr. Clay succeeded in introducing a system which was to affect prison discipline through the English world, to make the moral restoration of prisoners perfectly feasible, and, without impairing the "terror to evil-doers," elevate the penitentiary into a school of morals and a missionary church. His annual reports, at first an offence to the board and the butt of the press, came to be relied upon by the ministry, and quoted without abridgment in the newspapers. Not only local magistrates approved them, but members of Parliament cited them ; high officials resorted to their author for reliable statistics upon other departments of inquiry ; and a large portion of his latter time and strength was absorbed in supplying information which no living Englishman then knew how to procure. Lord Brougham even wrote him on one occasion, "You have kept me awake half the night by your report." The government Blue-Books copied a great part of his statements ; and journals of education, reviews, and temperance publications helped to extend Mr. Clay's influence all over England.

He was really indefatigable. His own prison was his chief source of information ; but, unlike all the prison chaplains

whom we have ever known, he was fully informed as to the progress making abroad. He set himself to a thorough study of the criminal class. He even employed the more intelligent convicts in writing their memoirs, which he verified remarkably by the testimony of their former employers, of the police, and of their accomplices. In this way he liberated not a few from wholly undeserved punishment, while he visited upon other prisoners a retribution which they imagined they had escaped. His feelings never were suffered to master his judgment, nor his imagination to color his convictions. His practice was to take nothing on trust. His creed was a constant advance. His faith in humanity proved inexhaustible. "I have been taught repeatedly that I must never look on any case as hopeless."

But how did he recover those whom even their parents abandoned? "By bringing to bear upon them every humanizing influence; by seeing where an opening exists into the boy's mind or heart, and availing himself of it; by being in earnest in favor of treating the prisoner as if he had something good in him. Acting on such principles, he had never been disappointed." He was no doubt rarely adapted for his place. With his many accomplishments, his love of languages, his mechanical ability and artistic skill, — (an altar-piece painted by himself adorned the Preston Chapel,) — he might have been insignificant in any other station than that which Providence had assigned him. His early commercial training, his fondness for statistics, his central position at a time when his specialty was in a transition state, the unexampled care with which he rewrote every report, the necessity felt in all quarters for something trustworthy upon a subject of pressing concern, while the public would neither permit cruelty nor indulgence in the treatment of criminals, fastened upon John Clay an attention which hardly Howard himself had enjoyed.

Up to this time the English system, if system there was any, served to encourage crime, multiply pauperism, foster drunkenness, and throw upon the industrious tax-payer an ever-increasing burden. The ancient cruelties, scourging, branding, ear-cropping, the pillory, and the gibbet, were fall-

ing into disuse ; transportation was to prove only a temporary relief ; the " hulks " were found to transform some men into fiends ; such poor reforms as the Gaol Act prompted neither succeeded in reducing the expense nor the numbers of prisoners : it was the time of all others for the chaplain of Preston — so patient yet so adventurous, so humane yet so opposed to indulgence, so thorough in principle yet so faithful to all details — to solve the problem of a thoroughly reformatory, yet thoroughly merciful, system of punishment.

In 1833 Mr. Crawford was sent out by the British government to get the light which American discovery could give. His examinations favored the Separate System ; but as that was thought to be too costly for universal adoption, the Silent System, already at work at Wakefield in Yorkshire, was applied to the largest prison in England, Cold Bath Fields, under the efficient government of George L. Chesterton, whose " Revelations of Prison Life " is the most entertaining work that has yet appeared upon the subject.*

In 1837 the immense number of capital offences was reduced to twelve, and afterwards to three ; and the discussion of the two American systems — Philadelphia and Auburn — went on apace ; without, however, the expected erection of reformed penitentiaries on either plan. Finally, the completion of the Pentonville prison in 1842, upon the Separate System as modified at Preston, and its perfect success, decided the course of prison discipline throughout England.

And so, having sketched very imperfectly the progress of English pœnology from before 1700 to the general introduction of its present system, we are concerned to show the peculiarities of Mr. Clay's method, because it unites the advantages without the disadvantages of our two opposite schemes, — the Silent and the Separate ; because it has proved itself thoroughly effective ; and because every step of the way was tested as we believe no similar experiment has ever been. The unenthusiastic Mr. Clay discovered for himself that " the religious reformation of the prisoner was the paramount

* *Revelations of Prison Life ; with an Inquiry into Prison Discipline.* By G. L. Chesterton, twenty-five years Governor of the House of Correction at Cold Bath Fields. Third Edition. London : Hurst and Brackets. 1857.

object of prison discipline," * and that this was not possible without solitude; but that the mere separation of prisoners was quite as likely to generate vicious as virtuous thought; that its effect was chiefly negative, to give time for reflection, and deliver the prisoner from contaminating intercourse; that there was a limit to its efficacy, a limit to the age, to the kind of mind, and the length of time of its application; and that, when too protracted, the subject of discipline lost the power even of applying the Gospel to self-renovation. So, by a series of experiments, he mitigated the system as much as possible, especially to children, whose term of isolation from society he would not extend beyond a few months; and, in case of criminality through parental heartlessness, would dismiss to some kind of reformatory school, where they would be saved from sinking into the habitual crime which the association of the Silent System might occasion. Gentlemen convicts seemed to him to lie at the other end of the scale; to require the most rigorous treatment, abundance of severe toil, a mind kept hungry by being balked of accustomed food, a penance so bitter that it should enkindle a fiery hatred of their most inexcusable crime. Between these extremes there was to be every variety in the degree of punishment, from six to nine months being the average term; the sanguine temperament being sufficiently affected sometimes by three months, but the lymphatic requiring often a year of separation from his fellows.

Mr. Clay's modifications of the Separate System were social worship every day in full sight of each other, daily exercise in one another's company, though without communication, permission to receive occasional visits from their friends, and daily instruction within hearing at least of those who sat near; besides the exchange of solitary for social labor wherever the prisoner's youth, weakness, or tendency to insanity required indulgence. With these qualifications, Mr. Clay was able to demonstrate, by reports from police-officers, that more permanent reformatations were caused by his system than by any others, that better health was maintained than amongst

* Memoir, p. 263.

1,
e
rs
;
1,
;
e
d
e
y
as
n
n
s-
d
s-
n
;
e
d
d
es
t,
r-
y
of

l
e
d,
d
;
r
e-
s
e
y
t
-

the
stre
rel
our
to
nu
sev
the
wh
Pe
un
th
ab
vic
be
an
a
sy
as

in
st
to
tu
C
a
A
ja
ti
a
fi
V
o
s
A
R
e
t

the same class at liberty, and that weak intellects were even strengthened by the abundant food, regular employment, and religious instruction of the model prison. He thus refuted our common objection to the Separate System,—its danger to the health and its tendency to insanity. In the March number of this Review for the year 1848, it was shown that for seventeen years the mortality among the white prisoners in the Philadelphia Penitentiary was more than twice that of the white prisoners in the Connecticut State-prison. But at Pentonville, now the model prison of England, the deaths under the Separate System, by the last Blue-Book, are less than in either of the five Silent institutions reported in that able article,—being two among one thousand and eight convicts. In Millbank, however, whose wretched location has been already mentioned, the scale of mortality rose, in 1852 and 1854, to over thirty per cent, and sunk again to five and a third in 1859: showing not so much the cruelty of the system pursued without change through these different years, as the barbarism of such an unhealthy situation.

It was not, however, by the comparison of a single prison, in peculiar surroundings, with another in opposite circumstances, that the English Prison Inspectors have been moved to alter their penitentiary buildings at great cost, and substitute the Separate for the Silent System everywhere but at Cold Bath Fields, where the change is only delayed. Their adoption of what we term the Philadelphia plan instead of the Auburn, or rather of the modification introduced at Preston jail, has been determined by the thorough, regular official scrutiny of all the criminal institutions of Great Britain, as laid annually before Parliament, with a fulness of statistics and a freedom from pious platitudes alike refreshing and satisfactory. We have examined these annual returns in the Blue-Books only to find they are as various as would be an unvarnished statement of the health, morals, and advantages of all the Academies of the United States, given by one board of experienced examiners: we were unable to find any remarkable evidences of weakness or insanity as characteristic of the system, now all but universal in England and the more enlight-

ened parts of Europe.* Certainly, were such proofs of excessive severity as the American advocates of the Silent System maintain heaped up at the doors of the Separate System, that party in Parliament who devote themselves to philanthropy, who have several journals at their control, and eminent literary men in their association, would never have permitted such an expensive change to be made for the worse. Still less would the English system have been copied on the Continent, the Silent System have been silently passed by, and the means of solitary labor introduced into scores of prisons all over Europe.† The cost alone would have prevented Newgate from being remodelled upon a system which demands so much more space within and without, had there been a doubt about the advantage of such an entire change. It was the argument of statistics; it was the demonstration of experience. In Cold Bath Fields prison one hundred and sixty per cent of offences were annually committed; in Pentonville, only eleven and a half per cent. No wonder that Pentonville reformed more than could be recovered under this perpetual infliction of irritating punishments. And as no outlay upon the rogue in confinement can compare with his cost when he is preying upon the community, the system which reformed the most was the cheapest in the end. The final decision, which is heartily approved by some of the most eminent names in modern literature, can only be traced to Parliamentary debates, guided by full reports from all the English penitentiaries, through entirely independent and thoroughly competent Inspectors.

That their system, in comparison with ours, is liable to that charge of cruelty which is commonly urged in this country against it, is easily disproved. Most American houses of cor-

* M. de Tocqueville's letter to Charles Sumner may be remembered as stating, that, "at the present day in Europe, discussion and experience have led almost all persons of intelligence to adopt the Separate, and to reject the Auburn System." Sumner's *Orations*, Vol. II. p. 241.

† That very *Maison de Force* at Ghent, which our Auburn prison was modelled after, has changed to the Separate System; and Messrs. Swinger in Holland, Julius in Prussia, Berenger in France, and Crawford in England, are cited among the distinguished converts to the latter mode of penitentiary discipline.

rection, those prisons for the lesser crimes and for female offenders, furnish no chaplain, no schoolmaster, no Scripture-reader, no library beyond a few religious tracts; or, if a chaplain is employed, it may be, perhaps, with a hundred dollars a year of salary, and under such restrictions as make his office nearly nugatory; and this is the whole educational provision for a hundred and fifty adults at least! Now in England, five criminals at Alloa prison, and seven at Rothesay, are provided with a prison chaplain; Dunfermline furnishes a teacher as well as minister for its eleven prisoners; Dundee pays six hundred a year to the pastor of one hundred and eight of these black sheep; Essex furnishes two hundred prisoners in the same way; while Pentonville enjoys a library of nearly two thousand volumes, whose circulation is greatly promoted by a corps of three schoolmasters, several Scripture-readers, and an exceedingly able clergyman. Then the English cells are generally furnished with water-taps and gas-light; every prisoner is permitted to make his complaints directly to the Inspector; food is abundant; the only punishment is bread and water, with three days' close confinement; the sacrament is administered by order of the government quarterly, an average of one in twenty-five partaking regularly.*

The English system is in fact too merciful. One reason why recommitments are so common is, that the majority of sentences are for too short a period to amount to anything. The Blue-Books show that in Leicestershire four criminals were committed in one year for but a day each.† In Bedfordshire, of 523 male and female prisoners, 19 were sentenced only for one week; in Cheshire, of 469, 198 were for a fortnight or less; in Herefordshire, of 201 commit-

* The treadmill is the common labor in the English county prisons; and the Blue-Book of 1860 gives one instance of three thousand dollars having been earned by a prison in fifteen months, simply by grinding its own grain, instead of attempting to accomplish nothing by so much toil. The Birmingham "Prize Essays" (London, 1853, p. 187) give some appalling statements of the repetition of juvenile confinement in different parts of England.

† In Hawick three boys were committed to prison for having broken a pane of glass, that they might get means to look at an eclipse.

ments, 90 were for the same brief term. No wonder that, of 10,397 prisoners in the year 1859, 7,472 had been imprisoned before, 458 twenty times or more, and 78 *fifty times* previously.

In this respect our courts are wiser than the English. Thirty days is their common sentence for the lighter offences; and it barely gives a man time to recover from a long debauch, reflect upon his past folly, and enter upon better habits of life. Even this, which would seem severe in England for an offence like drunkenness, is only a third or a sixth of what is necessary to establish a reformed character; and requires for its full efficacy to be followed upon discharge by regular employment in every case, a removal from former associates, and a fair measure of the confidence of the community. Oscar, the benevolent king of Sweden, writes that, "after the law has executed the punishment, and the state has taken care of the inward improvement, it is the business of the citizen to offer a helping hand to the individual restored to freedom. Both charity and prudence urge this; for it is the noblest and safest means of preventing new crimes."

In conclusion, what, it may be asked, has the Preston Chaplain made known beyond his modification of the Separate System? First, that the removal of the partition between men and women in prison-chapels is profitable to the worshippers; second, that a parti-colored dress is a needless offence to a prisoner's self-respect, and tends to degrade one who needs to be lifted up; third, that the shortest offences should be inflicted on boys punished for a first offence, and the longest on educated criminals, who average about a hundredth part of the English convicts; fourth, that a deep impression might be made by burying remarkable offenders, when deceased, in the prison-yard, beneath a commemorative stone; fifth, that photography might be far more employed to prevent a repetition of crime. He seems to have been the first to prove the general ignorance of the criminal class; it cannot be so great in America.* Thirty-seven per cent of Preston convicts were unable to repeat the Lord's Prayer; sixty-one per cent were

* See Miss Carpenter's Reformatory Schools, p. 23.

ignorant of the names of the months, and nearly the same amount knew not who was the reigning sovereign. Kingsmill, in his "Prisons and Prisoners," * varies the statement a little: three quarters of those under his chaplaincy at Pentonville could not cipher beyond addition, and a half could not write or read with understanding. Mr. Clay was one of the earliest, too, to show the enormous cost of every criminal before conviction. He computed that fourteen criminal youths cost England sixty guineas each annually, by direct loss of property; and that the annual waste by thieving could not be less than two millions sterling.

Mr. Clay seems to have had a perfect detestation of the influence of Calvinism upon the minds of his flock. "Conversion" under it, he thought, was merely the addition of selfishness for the next world to selfishness for this: the convict imagining himself justified and saved, "election and indefectible grace" become his favorite doctrines; remonstrate with him upon his flagrant inconsistency, he will profess not to rely at all on his own merits, and declare that he knows his righteousness to be only filthy rags. Such a man, though no hypocrite, this sincere Christian, with his wholly unequalled experience of human nature, thought certain to fall by severe temptation, and turn afterwards into a sneering infidel.

The freedom with which he uttered himself on other points, in such contrast with the stereotyped self-restraint of annual reports in general, and their cowardly dread of giving offence, is shown by an eloquent contrast of the indifference of England to her home heathen with her profuse zeal to the less accessible heathen abroad, and his advocacy before a Parliamentary committee of cricket-playing on Sundays. As a pioneer in prison reform, John Clay was thoroughly fearless, wholly devoted to doing good, eminently successful in a difficult path, a victim at last to over-severe toil, from which the English government, which professed to rely upon his inquiries for most valuable information, and the English Church, which had no more efficient servant, refused to give him the effectual relief which Providence gave in their room.

* Page 39. London: Longman, Brown, & Co. Without date.

His death took place in November, 1858. Upon his tomb this legend is traced: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

ART. V.—THE CANONIZATION OF THE MARTYRS OF JAPAN.

Les Fêtes de Rome. Canonization des Saints Martyrs du Japon, et de Saint Michel de Sanctis. Par J. CHANTREL. Paris: Victor Palmé. 1862. 12mo. pp. 565.

To the pious mind of M. Chantrel, who may be presumed to represent the great company of faithful Catholics, the great event of the year of grace 1862 was the solemn ceremony and the Œcumenical Council which illustrated the spiritual primacy of the Eternal City and of the Holy Father. The emancipation of Russian serfs, the insurrection in Poland, the revolution in Greece, the civil war in America, the World's Fair in London, the deaths of kings, generals, and statesmen, are not worthy to be named in comparison with this memorable and momentous occasion, in which earth and heaven were alike interested. To attest at once his gratitude, his reverence, and his faith, M. Chantrel offers his thick volume of description and panegyric, in which the scenes, incidents, history, and spirit of the great proceeding are carefully preserved, in which the false-hearted are scourged, the faithful are praised, and the Vicar of Christ is exalted as the Vicegerent of God. In the fear that this remarkable volume may not reach the hands of many of our readers, we are moved to present a plainer and more secular narrative of that which it sets forth with ardent eloquence. We shall refrain from treating that high question of the Pope's political sovereignty, upon which M. Chantrel lavishes such strength of assertion and such wealth of vituperation, and confine ourselves strictly to the service of the canonization, for which he predicts such issues of comfort and blessing.

The fit preface to this narrative will be a few words upon the meaning and the rules of canonization in the Roman Church. There are, so to speak, *three degrees* in this process, to which severally belong the titles of *venerable*, *blessed*, and *holy*, — *Venerabilis*, *Beatus*, *Sanctus*. All who die in “the odor of sanctity” are honored with the name of “Venerables,” which gives them only the general right to the respect and gratitude of the faithful. The “Beati,” saints of the second degree, are made so by a solemn act and ceremony, securing to them a positive place in heaven, and a partial and local honor upon the earth. In some special order of monks, or some particular diocese, or some particular region or country, the Beati may have a public remembrance in prayers, but are not entitled to this throughout the Church. Before their pictures or relics can be exhibited, a special indulgence must be obtained for that purpose from the Pope. The pageant of Beatification is celebrated at Rome, where on two occasions we have witnessed its singular display; but the benefit of beatification is chiefly national and local. It is probable that John Grande Peccador, who was admitted into the heavenly host in St. Peter’s Basilica, in November, 1853, is now invoked only by the faithful of one Spanish province. Three general rules seem to be followed in modern beatifications: not to accept any candidates until they have been dead for at least a century; to choose those whose lives were most obscure; and to require an ample supply of miracles wrought, as a ground of the honor. No eminent man may expect the honor of sainthood while the present policy of the Church is continued, and no redundancy of virtues can supply for a candidate the lack of supernatural gifts and acts.

Beatification is the preliminary to “Sanctification.” The large company of the Beati alone is privileged to offer recruits for the highest rank in the hierarchy. Sanctification gives to the “Christian heroes,” as M. Chantrel styles them, a right to seven different honors: — 1. Their names are inscribed in the ecclesiastical calendar, in the martyrologies, the litanies, and in all the sacred catalogues; 2. They are invoked in the prayers and the solemn offices of the Church; 3. Temples and altars are dedicated to God in their names; 4. Masses are

offered in their honor; 5. They have a special "feast-day," a *natalitia*, which is usually the anniversary of their death; 6. Their images are exhibited in the Church, and around their heads is fixed the aureole, sign of their heavenly glory; and 7. Their relics may be shown in shrines, offered to the worship of the people, and borne in the processions. These are the earthly privileges of the saints, and to these they have a right in all parts of the Catholic world. A canonized saint belongs to no country, though all his natural life were confined to one city or one convent. It is to be presumed, moreover, that all the Beati are fit to become Sancti, and will become so in God's time and the Pope's time. Some of the Holy Orders chide the long delay; and we have heard a good Jesuit brother of the Roman College complain that the candidates from his fraternity were shamefully neglected. There is no need of complaint, however. The Church is eternal, and eternity gives room enough for justice to be done to all. In the large future of the kingdom which stands forever, all the beatified will find their right.

More than a century ago, the great Pope Benedict XIV., in his treatise on Beatification and Sanctification, laid down carefully the rules for proceeding in this holy task. Humanly considered, it is very hard for a holy soul to get into the heaven of the Church. The ordeal of all this logic and criticism is more severe than the pains of purgatory. The slow investigation and the minute precautions would seem to secure the Church against all error, and to render any mistake impossible. But the ingenious judgment of Thomas Aquinas has forestalled all cavil by enlisting in advance the testimony of God to the acts of his infallible Church. It is an easy inference, that, if the Church is the habitation of God's Spirit, its verdicts must be infallible and true. Even without these nice inquiries, its sentence concerning the saints must be received as sufficient, and final, unless one will deny the Divine presence in the body of Christ on earth. The Church represents God, and the Pope represents the Church; and what the Pope determines, that God evidently wills. The examination of witnesses in the matter of canonization is then only an extra, and for the faithful an unnecessary work. It is a

condescension of the Church to the envious world, which is insensible to more spiritual teaching. In the last decision, canonization is the single work of the Supreme Pontiff, who merely summons the heads and guardians of the several churches to ratify and consent to his own absolute decree.

Canonization is a very ancient custom of the Church, and was much more common in the earlier than in the later centuries. Catholic writers pretend to find traces of it in the letters of Cyprian; and after the time of Constantine, not only the martyrs, but many others of the pious and wise who had died in peace, were commended to the reverence of the faithful. The practice of the Popes has not been uniform. Some have admitted large numbers into the sacred company, while others have canonized sparingly, and some have refrained wholly from the act. Since the canonization of Ulric of Augsburg by Pope John XVI. in 993, only 189 ceremonies of canonization are counted, which is an average of somewhat more than twenty in a century. Since the Reformation this average has been found to be much too high. It is not desirable to have the impression of this grand ceremony weakened by too frequent repetition. Once in a generation is found to be often enough for the festival; and the effect is heightened, and the balance preserved, by multiplying the number of the individuals canonized. The saints now are summoned in companies, and the gateway is widened to admit a score at once. Heaven shall not be defrauded of its rightful increase, though its doors are rarely opened.

Within the present century there have been only three occasions of canonization. In the year 1807, Pius VII., that much-injured Pontiff, whose sufferings in the cause of the Church have established most fully his claim to the future honors of sainthood, was pleased to inscribe five new names on the sacred catalogue. Thirty-two years later, Gregory XVI. added six more to the list. The third occasion was in this past year, which introduced into the sainted company twenty-seven new members.

We shall not detain our readers by any full biographical notice of these favored servants of Christ. It is enough to state that twenty-six of them were martyrs, and that the

blessed Michael de Sanctis, the austere monk of the Holy Trinity, was substantially a martyr in his extraordinary self-denials and penances. The facts of his life, as recorded, are, that he was born on the 27th of September, 1591, at Vich, in Catalonia; took the monastic vow in the Trinitarian Convent in Saragossa in 1607; joined soon after another convent where the discipline was harsher; wonted himself to hair shirts, bloody scourging, and fasts sometimes of a week in length; was twice chosen the Superior of the houses of his Order; was lifted from the ground in spiritual ecstasies; wrought many miracles; and on the 16th of August, 1625, was taken to his reward at the age of thirty-three. He was *beatified* by Pius VI. in 1779, and now, after an interval of eighty-three years, has taken his second spiritual degree. None will dispute his right to this honor after so long a delay.

The twenty-six martyrs have a somewhat more striking record. The scene of their suffering was Nangasaki in Japan; the time was the 5th of February, 1597; the manner of their death was crucifixion. The company may be conveniently divided into five classes,—three Franciscan priests, three Franciscan lay brethren, all of European descent, fifteen Japanese lay brethren of the third Order of St. Francis, two Japanese converts, added to the band because they ventured to lend aid to the martyrs on their way to the place of death, and three Japanese Jesuits. Of the individuals in these companies not very much is known. It is recorded of only one of the six Franciscans that he had received the gift of miracles; but this gift of the least of the fraternity may well be passed to the credit of the whole. Of the seventeen Japanese lay brethren, the most remarkable for courage and firmness seem to have been two boys of eleven and thirteen years, one of whom resisted the threats of the officers, and the other the pleadings of parents, and died chanting the *Gloria Patri*. Another of these Japanese, one Matthias, suffered vicarious punishment, substituting himself very adroitly for the genuine Matthias, a monk of the convent. The executioners were informed of the substitution, but as the man had confessed himself to be a Christian, they did not care how the prescribed number was made up, and were ready to take him with the rest.

Martyrdom cancels many sins. But for that fortunate fact, it might have been impossible for the remaining virtues of the Franciscan confessors in Japan to obtain the glory of ecclesiastical sainthood. Their acts in Japan were quite irregular. Pope Gregory XIII. had expressly reserved to the Jesuits the missionary ground of that heathen empire, and, in face of that reservation, the Franciscan brethren were no better than interlopers. But before their heroic death all objection falls; and it is not for men to interpose a doubt, when even the birds of heaven have left their witness. For it is piously related, that the fowls of the air refused to feed upon these blessed corpses, and that the faithful of Manilla and Macao were able to ransom the precious bones. By a decree of the 10th of July, 1627, Pope Urban VIII. declared these crucified monks to be martyrs; by another decree of September 11th in the same year, the twenty-three Franciscans were "beatified"; and two years later, in 1629, the three Jesuit brethren were also permitted to become "Beati." Since that decree, more than two hundred and thirty years have gone by; and there have not been wanting scoffers to instance with indecent mirth this long delay as an insult to the memory of the holy martyrs. The pious, however, will be pleased to find in it another proof of the excessive caution of the Church in works of this serious nature. There can be no graver sin than to admit improper persons into the selectest circles of heaven. Better that many real saints should be excluded, than that one soul of doubtful sanctity should find a place in the society of the Lord.

A service of such moment should of course be celebrated with all imaginable pomp. It should be, if possible, grander than a Jubilee, and the most magnificent religious spectacle within the memory of man. The world should be summoned to meet in the city of God, and to witness the rare opening of these gates of heaven. On the 18th of January, 1862, His Eminence, Cardinal Caterini, "Prefect of the Congregation" of Rome, addressed a circular to all the bishops of the Catholic world, in states heterodox not less than in states orthodox, inviting them, all and singular, to come up on the following Pentecost to the city of solemnities, and there assist in this

sublime manifestation of the power of the keys. In ordinary cases, it would have been sufficient to summon the prelates of Italy to give countenance to the ceremony. But the melancholy revolt of the Italian sovereign making it probable that but few of the Italian bishops would find it convenient to be present, his Holiness was compelled to send out a wider call, and suggest to the obedient vassals of the Church this way of meeting the religious duty of visiting the sacred shrines. The wicked world was not quite able to recognize the wisdom or to appreciate the motive of this new assembly. Not only in Turin and Florence, but in Paris and Vienna, were voices raised in doubt of the expediency of such a gathering. Some suspected a political design, and not a few zealous Romanists thought it unfit to attempt a display which was more likely to reveal the weakness than to illustrate the strength of the Church. But Pius IX. trusted in the Lord and in the hearts of the believers. The circular was sent out far and wide, in spite of objectors. The Vicar of Christ did not condescend to explain his motives to the secular powers, or to contend with evil-minded men of the world. It was enough that the faithful listened and approved. From all parts sympathizing letters came. The rumor increased that such a gathering would be seen on the next Pentecost as had not been witnessed since the day when the creed of Trent gave the law of the Church for all future time. Not only bishops, but priests and deacons and laity innumerable, announced that they should go up to the feast. And the prospect was, that in multiplicity of dialects the Roman Pentecost of 1862 would surpass that first day in Jerusalem, when the Spirit descended in cloven tongues of flame.

As early as May, it became evident that the "Catholic world" was moving Romeward. On all the railways, in all the steamers, the ordinary costumes of travel were plentifully diversified by the long robes of the ecclesiastical orders. The roads of Italy being virtually closed to pilgrims on this errand, (since Victor Emmanuel declined to permit in foreign priests what he could not allow to priests of his own dominion,) France became the great religious thoroughfare, and Marseilles the favored port of embarkation. This old city has

not heretofore been specially noted for its religious charm. The use of sacred names has been rather to point profanity than to illustrate piety, and the "Star of the Sea" has not been worshipped very ardently by the mariners of that bay. But the advent and departure of such numbers of holy men so transfigured this profane city that it seemed, in the language of M. Chantrel, "to renew scenes worthy of the most beautiful ages of faith." Pious chants took the place of vulgar songs; crowds knelt to receive episcopal benediction; the few discordant voices were lost in the general acclaim; and the bishops from the lands of the infidel were charmed to find that France had returned from its scepticism to the sincerity of faith.

The transit of the vast multitude was made without accident. The Queen of Heaven watched over these pious voyagers. We may presume that, on landing at Civita Vecchia, they were not exempt from the tribute which all travellers are compelled to pay to the officials and the *facchini* of that religious city, and that not a few inwardly cursed the necessity which forced them to Rome through that doorway of iniquity. The most skilled in extortion may take a lesson from the arts and lies of the Papal seaport. The dangers of this purgatory were safely encountered, however, and the prelates seem to have arrived in Rome without loss of robes or ornaments. It is pleasant to the French heart of M. Chantrel to reflect that the "eldest daughter of the Church," as was proper, took the lead of all her sisters in the number of her pilgrims and the elegance of their costumes. For a dozen years and more, French military uniforms at every corner have reminded the Roman people of their civil vassalage; but now, as one letter-writer enthusiastically avers, "everywhere you see the *rabat*; the *rabat* is present in all the manifestations; the *rabat* is the master of Rome." The *rabat*, we may add, is the long white-bordered mantle which marks the robe of the French priest.

On Thursday, the 22d of May, was held in the Royal Hall, between the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, a "semi-public consistory," of the College of Cardinals and more than two hundred bishops, in which the Pope pronounced an "allocu-

tion" in the Latin tongue, setting forth his wishes, asking the prayers and aid of his brethren, and mildly rebuking his persecutors and enemies. At this consistory, by a unanimous vote, the august assembly consented to the canonization of the twenty-six martyrs of Japan. Two days later, another similar consistory of cardinals and bishops ratified by their suffrage the nomination of the blessed Michael de Sanctis. That this self-denying service might not go without its just reward, the Roman Senate, by a grave decree of the 22d of May, "in the year 2646 of the foundation of Rome, and 1862 of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ," (A. U. C. et A. D., — a happy combination of the Pagan and Christian dignity of the world's capital,) admitted all the prelates assisting in these ceremonies to the rights of citizenship; gave to "these valiant defenders of the faith, who have deserved so well of the Catholic religion, the same honors in which Paul, the Apostle to the Gentiles, gloried; and, to keep the tradition of a day so memorable, and of this decree, have resolved to place an inscription in marble in the halls of the Capitol." It is to be feared that the rights of a Roman citizen will not avail in other states to save from arrest or to secure respect; and to one who considers the character of the Roman police, the value of citizenship, even within the municipal limits, may be questioned. This was followed, on the first day of June, by the address of the young men of Rome, in which the fidelity of this class to the Holy Father was affirmed, and the wicked schemes of the revolutionists and the Utopian dreamers of Italian unity were suitably denounced. Two hundred voices then joined in a hymn to Pius IX. and in four other *cantatas* in his honor. We are not informed that this delegation represented the general sentiment of the Roman young men; and even Cardinal Wiseman seems to hint, in his condescending reply to the address, that there is some difference of opinion on the general question, and that the young men may have to vindicate "by arms" what their songs and their rhetoric have so feelingly expressed.

It was painful for the Holy Father, in welcoming the faithful from foreign lands, — from heretic England, and schismatic Russia, and infidel Syria, and America beyond the sea, — to

miss the faces of his dear Italian brothers, and to know that in this mingling of voices the sweet Tuscan tongue must be of all most mute. But his sad heart was in a measure consoled by the loyal and sympathizing messages that absent Italy could send to the feast at which she might not be a guest. And Italy was not wholly unrepresented. Not to mention the supply of holy men which Rome and its neighborhood were able to bring, a few Neapolitan prelates were providentially present in Rome, whom the fortunes of war had driven from their former abodes. Sixtus Riario Sforza, sometime Archbishop of Naples, was able to occupy his seat in the Sacred College, and to vote for the canonization. Reggio, Sorrento, Sora, and Aquila were all represented by their rulers in the Lord. And these, though few in the comparison with the delegates from other Catholic states, could confirm the claim of the council to be Œcumenical, — of “all nations.”

A few statistics may not be wholly without interest. There were present at the solemnity of canonization in Rome, on the 8th of June, 1862, forty-three cardinals, five patriarchs, fifty-two archbishops, one hundred and eighty-six bishops, in all two hundred and eighty-seven princes and pastors of the Church. Only eighteen of the cardinals were absent, the present number of the Sacred College being sixty-one. Of these eighteen, ten were prohibited from attending by the order of Victor Emmanuel, one by the order of the king of Portugal, and the remainder were detained either by physical infirmities or by pressing official business. Of the eleven “patriarchs” of the Catholic Church, five were present; the patriarchs of Constantinople, of the West Indies, of Venice, of Antioch, and of Constantinople in the Greek Catholic communion. Of the archbishops present, nine were from France, seven from Germany (including Poland and Dalmatia), seven from the East, four from Spain, four from America, three from Italy, and one from Ireland; the others having their sees “*in partibus infidelium*.” Of the bishops, forty-one were from France, twenty-seven from Austria, twenty-four from Italy, twenty from Germany and Prussia, twenty from England and Ireland, sixteen from Spain, five from the East, three from Belgium and Holland, two from Russia and Poland, thirteen

from the United States, and the remainder from various heretical lands. Guinea, Egypt, India, Sweden, Scotland, were represented by their "Apostolic Vicars."

It was with such a magnificent and august body of assistants that Pius IX. was enabled to complete his sacred task. The heavens smiled approvingly; and the cannon of the Castle of the Holy Angel saluted a splendid dawn and a clear horizon on the long expected 8th of June. At the first break of day, crowds from every quarter of the seven-hilled city were seen pressing on to the great square in front of the cathedral of the world, the broad dimensions of which became soon an immense sea of eager, joyful, and wondering faces. Those nearest to the church were privileged to beguile their impatience by the study of the colossal pictures along the façade, presenting, in the grandiose style of Roman festival art, the celestial glories of the new saints in contrast with their terrestrial pains. On the large banner which floated in the wind these rapt souls were shown seated upon the clouds and "drunk with the abundance of God's house." Above the principal door were exhibited the forms of the Franciscans, nailed to their crosses, yet without sign of agony in limb or feature. Over the door to the right, the meek triad of suffering Jesuits smiled benignantly upon a kneeling bishop and a prostrate king, with his courtiers around him. Over the left door Jesus Christ was seen handing, with the most tender compassion, his divine heart into the bosom of his servant, Michael de Sanctis. Suitable inscriptions aided the faithful to understand these symbols.

At a few minutes past seven, the sublime procession, having passed the Sistine Chapel, down the "Scala Regia" into the colonnade on the right, and across the square, through the colonnade on the left, entered the grand doorway of the church. It were a weary and endless task to enumerate those details of the vast procession on which our author lavishes his pious rhetoric. To those who have been in the pontifical city such pomps are sufficiently familiar, at least in their general features. To others they are simply tedious. We forbear to describe the devices, the dresses, the colors, and the emblems of the several ranks in the interminable

line. Impartial witnesses have testified that they were worthy of the occasion.

As the foot of each attendant in the procession crossed the threshold of the Basilica, he was expected to chant the *Regina Cali*; and soon the vast vault of the cathedral resounded with the murmurs of these myriad voices. Passing up the nave, the procession halted in front of that great altar, used only on occasions of state, to allow his Holiness to descend and kneel beneath the *baldachino* above the tomb of the Prince of the Apostles. This first service of prayer performed, the Pope is conducted to his throne in the raised tribune at the upper end of the basilica, where in turn the several dignitaries approach to pay their homage. The cardinals kiss his hand; the prelates kiss his knee; and the other dignitaries are sufficiently honored in saluting the foot of the Holy Father. Then, when all have found their appointed places, and the special assistants are grouped around the throne, the Cardinal Clarelli, with a lighted torch in his hand, approaches, kneels reverently, and in a clear accent, through the mouth of his attendant, enunciates the formal request of canonization: "Beatissime Pater, reverendissimus dominus Cardinalis Clarelli hic præsens, *instante* petit per Sanctitatem vestram catalogo Sanctorum Domini Nostri Jesu Christi adscribi, et tamquam Sanctos ab omnibus Christi fidelibus pronuntiari venerandos, beatos Petrum Baptistum, Paulum, eorumque Socios, Martyres, et Michaellem de Sanctis, Confessorem."

This is the first call. His Holiness promptly answers through the mouth of his scribe, Monsignore Pacifici, that he is well disposed to grant the request; but that it is first proper to implore the aid of the heavenly host, the blessed Apostles and the Immaculate Virgin; which is done by the choir singing the Litanies, and the answering chorus of innumerable voices. Then the Cardinal kneels again, and the demand is made more pressing. It is now, not "*instante*," but "*instantius*." Still the Holy Father is reluctant. The Holy Ghost must be summoned; and the voice of the Pontiff is heard intoning the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, to which the assistants and all the people shout the "Amen." A third time the demand is

pressed, and it is now "instantissime." There need be no longer delay. The saints are present, the Apostles have heard, the Mother of God bends over them, and the Spirit moves above them. Seated in his chair of state, as Doctor and Chief of the Church Universal, Pius IX., in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, solemnly decrees and pronounces that the names of the twenty-six martyrs of Japan, and Michael de Sanctis the Confessor, are henceforth and forever inscribed on the catalogue of the saints, "ad honorem Sanctæ et Individuæ Trinitatis, ad exaltationem Fidei Catholicæ et Christianæ religionis augmentum, auctoritate Domini Nostri Jesu Christi, Beatorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli, ac Nostrâ; maturâ deliberatione præhabitâ, et Divinâ ope sæpius imploratâ, ac de Venerabilium Fratrum Nostrorum Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ Cardinalium, Patriarcharum, Archiepiscoporum et Episcoporum in Urbe existente consilio."

The kneeling Cardinal gives back the thanks of the Church for the gracious decree. A swift scribe is directed to engross it upon enduring parchment. Led by his Holiness, forty thousand voices join in the grand Te Deum. The bells of the basilica and the cannon of the castle give signal to the hundreds of bells on the churches of the city, and summon the faithful to raise thanksgivings and to gain "indulgences." The intercession of the new saints is invoked, and the new form of prayer suited to these saints is repeated. A grand pontifical mass is celebrated, and a learned and touching homily pronounced by the lips of the Pope. With the Papal cross in hand, an apostolic sub-deacon promises to each of the assembled multitude a *plenary indulgence*. The offerings of candles, of bread, of wine, of water, of doves, pigeons, and little birds, are presented by the assistants from three tables at the left of the altar. The Holy Father washes his hands in water poured upon them by the Roman Senator, and wipes them with a napkin which the assisting Cardinal hands to him; and the ceremony is concluded. "Ite, missa est."

In this rapid summary we have said nothing of the internal decorations of the cathedral; of the showy tapestries on the columns, the gigantic candelabra, the quaint inscriptions; the twenty-two pictures distributed upon the walls, illustrating

the numerous miracles and the cruel sufferings of the new saints; the blaze of light from the thirty-six thousand pounds of wax consumed in the service of six hours; the brilliant hues of the dresses and ornaments, the stars and the crosses, under this overwhelming light; — all these in that miracle of art and grandeur, the Cathedral of St. Peter. Well might the believer exclaim, that this was indeed the promised glory of heaven! Well might the enraptured pilgrim feel ready to die after his eyes had looked upon this amazing marvel.

If the reports of the several prelates, on their return to their homes, are to be taken as proof of the general sentiment of the Council, this great synod at Rome in the year 1862 was in every respect a triumph and a success. No discordant voice was raised to mar the harmony of the consenting throng. It was a marvellous illustration of the unity of God's Church upon the earth. All that was wanting to the full triumph of the scene was the presence of those "illustrious strangers," the Japanese ambassadors, whom Providence seemed expressly for this end to direct to the European shore. If they had obeyed these leadings, and had taken Rome on their returning way from London and Paris, M. Chantrel is confident that the spectacle of faith and prayer, and the honors paid to their countrymen, would have convinced them of the superior greatness of Christian society, and perhaps have won their hearts to Christ, and so secured the new conversion of their nation. In the joyful words of the historian of this great ceremony, "The canonization of the martyrs of Japan opens a new era in the history of the Church, — the era of the conversion of the East, of the end of the Greek schism, the return of the Protestants, and the defeat of the Revolution. Let us not be alarmed at the crises which it must pass through; these are the last pains of a sickness that is healed, the last efforts of impiety to retard the inevitable hour of its disaster."

It is impossible for one not bred a Romanist to read the tiresome detail of ceremonial, — of which we have given but a very small part in the foregoing sketch, — or to listen to the tone of official enthusiasm in the recital, without a painful sense of something in them at once childish and effete. We do not dispute — for we have ourselves experienced — the

effect on the imagination of these ecclesiastical pomps, winding, with quaint robes and emblems, through the melancholy streets of Rome. We have been touched by the symbolic meanings covered in those gay and strange disguises, — still more by the fact that they are the emblems which speak to the eye, even now, of that awful and overshadowing power of the Church of the Middle Age; by sympathy, also, with what will sometimes appear in them sincere and tender, as belonging to the real faith of a living people. We do not quarrel with them because they speak to us in a dialect of past ages of faith, so foreign and strange to us. But one contrast strikes us, when we think what these ceremonies — and especially this crowning one of canonization — have been to other times, and what they are to ours. In this view, they are far from being the triumphal spectacle, and the earnest of spiritual dominion, which they have seemed to our enthusiastic narrator. On the contrary, they are the most pathetic symbol of the change which the passing centuries have brought upon the Church and the world.

If we recall the sainted names of the first age of the Church, we find they include those dearest to the memory and imagination of every Christian believer, from the narratives of the Testament, or from the tragical annals of early martyrdom. If we recall the names of the second age, we find they include those of the heroes and martyrs of the Christian civilization of Europe, — such as Martin, and Boniface, and Anschar, — who represent the victorious encounter of Christianity with the merciless paganism of the French, the German, and the Northman; or of others, as St. Bavon and St. Germain,* and so many of the pious monks, who taught the first lessons of humanity and mercy in the corrupt and wicked estate of the perishing Empire of the Cæsars. Still further on, such names as St. Louis and St. Roch, St. Bernard and St. Charles, speak to us of the Church in its era of nobility and power, when it was the consecration of royalty to be the helper of the weak, when the healer of pestilence, the redeemer of captives, and the feeder of the poor, stood highest in that hierarchy of

* See Guizot's "Civilization in France."

illustrious men whom the Church held worthy of its celestial honors. The sweetness and purity of the noblest womanhood has never been more delicately embodied than in those Catholic idealizations that made the fairest inspiration of mediæval art. These all represent to us phases of that great and manifold life by which Catholic Christianity has rendered its indispensable services to the world; and, while that was in its best estate, its representative names were likewise the foremost and noblest of their age. It was not only natural, but right, — a means of influence without which the work of the Church would have lacked one very essential thing, — that the feudal hierarchy in the state should be matched by an ecclesiastical hierarchy in the unseen world; and it is to the lasting honor of the Church, that those whom it raised to its rank of supreme beatitude should have included not only the noble and the strong, but also so many of the humble, the poor, the suffering, and the weak. So far as it went, this hierarchy did in fact do honor to genuine Christian virtues; and among them the high and the low had impartial recognition.

It is to the credit of that Church in its decline, that the candidates for its supreme rank of sainthood should still include the poor of this world, rich in faith, and those whom God has "chosen in the furnace of affliction." That one lesson of the profoundest humanity may still be read on the flaunting banners, and in the myriad of kindled tapers, that do honor to the few poor and nameless men who died in torture for their faith, in an obscure and distant island, so long ago, that, without this gorgeous ceremonial, the world would have forgotten that they had ever been. We are far from mocking at even the hollow form and unmeaning words that may possibly convey to any human heart the sense of sympathy offered to the humblest from the highest, — the lesson that it is precisely the humblest that are nearest to the heart of the Most High. But we think of that wealth of the noblest life in these later days which by the creed of Romanism is outcast and accursed; we remember how far its sainted catalogue is from including the true representative names of modern Christianity; and then these pompous ceremonials seem to

us little less than a profanation and a lie. Then it is to us a confession of failure and decay, the more touching because unconscious, that, letting pass in despair the so far grander army of the faithful in the world's battles of holiness and truth, that Church can find illustration of the virtues fit to win its highest official honor only in the obscure, almost forgotten, half-mythical lives of these poor martyrs of Japan.

ART. VI.—DEMOCRACY ON TRIAL.

1. *Democracy in America.* By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. *Translated by HENRY REEVE, ESQ. Edited, with Notes, the Translation revised and in great part rewritten, and the Additions made to the recent Paris Editions now first translated, by FRANCIS BOWEN,* Alford Professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University. Two volumes. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1862.
2. *Quarterly Review* for July, 1861. Art. *Democracy on its Trial.*

THE rebellion of the Southern aristocracy against a lawful government was a godsend to the high conservatives and defenders of prerogative everywhere, who welcomed it as heartily as if there had never been a rebellion before, or as if there never had been an unjustifiable one, or against any other than a democratic government. Especially the Tory party in England, which has lost ground every year more and more as liberal principles of government have gained the ascendancy, has been eager to turn our misfortunes to their own uses as a party argument. If this were all, we could very easily understand it; but that the so-called liberal press, which professes to sympathize with free institutions all over the world, should be just as ready to rejoice at the anticipated overthrow of free institutions here, is hard to explain, except by the bigotry with which they reverence one special form of free institutions.

We republicans have been disposed, of late years, to let the argument as to forms of government be dropped. Agreeing to the doctrine of Pope's hackneyed line, that "that which is

best administered is best," we have heartily given England credit for having a free and well-administered government,—resting on a false basis, as we believed, but so elastic and easily adapted to the changing wants of the nation, that its equilibrium was always maintained, and it was on the whole the best government for that people, besides having some features which we should be glad to adopt here. We were satisfied when Italy was made a constitutional monarchy under Victor Emmanuel, rather than a republic; and there has ever been a strong disposition among us, we are ashamed to say, to laud the usurped despotism of Napoleon III. But our English friends are less tolerant; they are afraid to trust their case to its own merits, and seem to think that the only way to prove theirs a beneficent and well-balanced form of government is to show that ours is not. So they refuse to wait for the results of the present struggle, when they will be able to study events a little in perspective and with some degree of calmness, but insist upon an immediate verdict of guilty.

In entering upon a defence of American Democracy, we desire to state distinctly, at the outset, what it is that we wish to prove. In the first place, it is American Democracy we are to speak of,—the intelligent, law-abiding Democracy of the United States,—not the turbulent democracy of Athens, Paris, or Mexico. Neither are we to speak specially of the American Constitution, nor of American society, except in so far as directly connected with the democracy of the country. Moreover, we are far from claiming that our government is perfect, either in form or administration. We have faults enough, Heaven knows, both as a people and as a nation, perhaps many of them directly traceable to our institutions; and we trust we shall not be led by a false patriotism to extenuate any of these. What we claim is, that democracy is a sound and conservative basis of government,—we think the soundest and most conservative; that the government we have founded upon it is the best adapted to our wants as a nation; that it is far from being as defective in its regular working as is commonly charged; and that its chief faults are not the necessary growth of the democratic principle, but are extraneous and curable, and indeed directly owing to the democratic principle being car-

ried out only partially and imperfectly, while many of the faults of which it is accused do not exist at all. We say so much in behalf of the national government. With respect to some of the State governments,—those in which the population is most purely American, and in which the principle of democracy is most completely adopted in practice,—we do not hesitate to go further, and assert that no communities of equal extent in history have been so well governed as these.

It seems to be hard for European writers to conceive of democracy except as the government by a particular part of the people,—that part which the Greeks called the *Demos*, the Romans the *Plebs*, and the English the *lower classes*. If this were a true definition, the question would be settled at once against democracy; for this portion of the citizens, acting as a class, are quite as selfish as any other class, and less enlightened. But, however it may have been in Athens or Rome, this is not the idea or the practice of American democracy, whose maxim is, that the government belongs of right to the whole people, and not to any class, whether distinguished as such by wealth or birth, or by the want of these. Only one class has ever exercised extensive political power in this country,—that of the slaveholders; but their domination, which has been at the root of most of our political evils for the last generation, has been at last thrown off, and we have no reason to fear the predominance of any other class, unless false theories of democracy succeed, as they have already succeeded in some cities, in throwing the power into the hands of the mob. Mobocracy is the corruption of democracy, as despotism is of monarchy, and oligarchy of aristocracy.

But it is urged that the lower classes cannot help but rule where they have equal rights with the higher, because they will always form a majority. To this two replies may be made. First, that wealth and social position have so much inherent power, that they will generally succeed in obtaining the control of public affairs wherever matters are left, as in a democracy, to take their natural course. Even in New England it is not often that any but men of means are chosen to important offices; and the complaint that the rich manage things as they please, is oftener heard than the opposite one, that the poor

rch,

ults
uch
ome
n is
noc-
esi-
qual

e of
t of
mos,
ses,
d at
ting
en-
me,
acy,
the
l as
one
un-
aich
last
son
alse
ded
the
ism

rule
hey
de.
ent
trol
cy,
not
ant
hey
oor

vote away the money of the rich. Secondly, there is a remarkable degree of equality among us, not merely political, but actual, resulting as well from the institutions as from the general prosperity of the country.* We know that absolute equality is out of the question, even if it were desirable; and that the growth of wealth and population, and the centralizing of industry, are constantly tending to counteract this natural influence of our institutions, and afflict us with all the evils that wait upon civilization. But to meet these evils we recognize as one of the chief problems given to our nation to solve; and much is done towards solving it when we have secured to every man the fullest control over himself. We think it ought to be met, and the solution effected, not by any agrarian, socialistic laws, but by the fostering of every branch of national industry, and the free operation of natural laws of distribution; that this wealth as it increases should not, as is usually the case, be distributed more and more unequally, but that, as the country grows richer, the mass of the people should grow richer likewise, and not a few millionnaires.† The surest means to prevent the lower classes from ruling, is to have no lower classes.

It is in this antagonism between rich and poor that Lord Macaulay, in his famous letter to Mr. Randall, finds the chief danger to our institutions, where he says: "The day will come when, in the State of New York, a multitude of people, not one of whom has had more than half a breakfast, or ex-

* "America exhibits in her social state an extraordinary phenomenon. Men are there seen on a greater equality in point of fortune and intellect, or, in other words, more equal in their strength, than in any other country of the world, or in any age of which history has preserved the remembrance." — De Tocqueville, Vol. I. p. 67. It was a similar equality in Athens (in the privileged democracy) that made the choice of magistrates by lot not so utterly absurd as it seems at first sight.

† There is no doubt that this is the case in New England, where the most striking fact attendant on the growth of public prosperity is the diminution of the number of the very poor. Fifty years ago there was a large class of wretched, degraded poor in all the country towns. Now there is no such class, except in secluded districts here and there; and it may almost be said that there are no native paupers. For instance, Dedham, Massachusetts, a very fair specimen of a New England country town, has now less than a dozen native paupers in a population of about 6,000. In 1818 it had 26 (mostly native, of course), in a population of about 2,500.

pects to have more than half a dinner, will choose a legislature. Is it possible to doubt what sort of a legislature will be chosen?" We will observe that a proletariat in the condition described, (especially of Americans, who are accustomed to have plenty to eat,) which, nevertheless, should patiently wait to choose a legislature, and have that legislature pass laws for their relief, at the expense of the rich, would be a most remarkable proletariat, and well worthy the elective franchise. People in this condition usually help themselves, and to control them in such a case depends, not on the form, but on the energy of the institutions. Democratic institutions may be as energetic as any, and De Tocqueville bears ample testimony to the extensive powers possessed by our magistrates; in which the prophets across the water, who bewail the high-handed measures of our Executive, seem to concur. We have had strikes and riots here, but our institutions have survived them, just as the English have. But Lord Macaulay seems to have been under the delusion, that we intended to adopt the English policy of free trade. He should have known that, except for the controlling influence of slavery, to which free trade was an important auxiliary, there has never been a time when the masses of this country have not been clear-sighted enough to adopt the American system, of protection to home industry and development of national resources, which benefits all classes alike, in preference to the English theory, which tends to throw all power and wealth into the hands of a few. When we pride ourselves on the increased prosperity of our country, we mean not merely that the wealth is greater, but that it is better distributed. We have already shown that, so far from the tendency which Lord Macaulay prophesies, the prosperity and comfort of the masses have increased with the increase of population, and exist at the present day in the general ratio of the compactness and average wealth of the several States.

We have already intimated that the chief danger to our institutions consists, not in their having a democratic basis, but in this principle of democracy being at times lost sight of in practice, and specious theories foisted in its place. There is a false democracy, which has had much influence, and wrought irreparable mischief, which has done its best to put all power

into the hands of those least fit to exercise it, and the practical effect of which is, that the country has been ruled for years by the joint power of the two most dangerous classes, — that of the slaveholders, founded on unjust wealth, and that of the city mob, used as the tools of the former. It was an honest, plausible theory at the start, that all adult males should vote, and vote for all officers ; if democracy was right, why not carry it out consistently ? But the actual, inherited, American theory of democracy was lost sight of.

The American idea of democracy is based upon the right of every person to have a share in the government, as the only guaranty against oppression. On this alone rests the claim to a right to vote. But the suffrage is not merely a *right* necessary for the protection of the individual ; it carries with it also a *power* over the property and actions of others. The exercise of this power has nothing to do with the rights of the individual. It belongs to society, to the state, and it is only as a member of the state that the individual possesses it. It is a dangerous power, whatever hands may hold it, and has seldom in history been exercised without being abused. Still it must be placed somewhere, or the state does not exist. If it were possible to determine by any process who in the community are fit to be trusted with it, it should certainly be given to them ; for where natural rights do not exist, we must follow expediency. To give it to any one man, or any body of men, selected by chance or birth, is absurd ; even wealth and culture are no certain guides ; for although they may imply ability, they do not necessarily imply purity of motive. We Americans believe it is safer to give it to the whole people, than to any part of the people. But inasmuch as it is a trust, and not a right, we hold that it is the duty of the state — nay, its only salvation — to see to it that the citizens are rendered capable of exercising it. Education and virtue are the only safeguards of democratic liberty.

This is the American theory of democracy. It gives to every man a share in the government, partly as a right, partly as a trust ; and it recognizes the duty of the state to fit its citizens to exercise this sacred trust, so far at least as political institutions can accomplish it. The words which Burke wrote

in condemnation of democracy we accept heartily, and act upon as the fundamental principle of our democratic government. "All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust; and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society." How far we have wandered in practice from this lofty ideal, we know too well. We do not expect that our institutions will ever actually bring about a state of society such as this theory would demand, in which every member shall be virtuous and enlightened. Nevertheless, we place our mark high, and can but do our utmost to reach it. And we believe it is so far practicable as this,—that the vast majority of the community shall be so trained as to be at once honest and intelligent in political affairs. We believe we have accomplished this in New England, where the proportion of the worthless and vicious in the native population is so small that it has absolutely no weight; they may have the right of suffrage, but it is harmless in their hands. Indeed, we assert without hesitation, that the native population throughout the Northern States might be safely trusted with the most unlimited freedom of suffrage. Imperfect as their educational institutions are, compared with those of New England, they have accomplished the result they were designed to accomplish, and created a people fit for democracy. But, unfortunately, a theory which answered well enough when it was first put in practice was boldly kept up after the country had been overrun with hordes of ignorant and vicious foreigners,—the outgrowth of monarchical and aristocratic institutions in Europe, just as the "poor whites" are the outgrowth of aristocratic institutions in the South. It is these, not native Americans, who have been the tools of demagogues, and who have cursed the land with the rule of the slave power. And it was false theories of democracy that put the power into their hands.

Now, neither the theory of universal suffrage, as we have propounded it, nor its traditionary practice in the States of the American Union, is at all inconsistent with restrictions upon its universality. Indeed, it requires them. If the

franchise were merely a right, no restriction would be admissible; but it is also a trust, and must be carefully guarded. But observe, there is this fundamental distinction between the restrictions imposed here and in England. There, the aristocratic theory takes for granted that the franchise belongs to few, and grudgingly asks, now and then, how much further it will be safe to extend it. Here, we assume that it belongs to all, and only ask who has forfeited it. This question is answered variously in different States. Foreigners, of course, must pass more or less of a probation before being admitted to it. A certain degree of maturity is necessary, and it has been fixed roughly at twenty-one years. The prejudices inherited from our ancestors have confined it to the male sex; the prejudices derived from slavery, to the white race, in most of the States. In Massachusetts and Connecticut, the two typical New England States, ability to read and write is a test; in Massachusetts, the payment of taxes is also required. These two qualifications go as far, in respect to property and education, as we think of any real consequence; but they are of importance, not so much from their actually restricting the suffrage, (which they effect very little in a community of such general prosperity and intelligence as ours,) but as a safeguard for the future. In our cities they are of value already, and if some means could be devised of restricting the suffrage in the direction of crime, the great peril of our institutions — mobocracy — would be nearly averted.*

The theory we have described is practically developed and carried out in the New England town system, of which De Tocqueville gives an accurate and appreciative sketch. This system is the fairest exponent of American democracy, and has in full the merit which Mill ascribes to theoretically good governments, as consisting "partly of the degree in which they promote the general mental advancement of the com-

* This is, perhaps, hardly the place for suggestions of this nature; but it seems to us that, if convicted criminals were to be deprived of the franchise for a term of years after leaving the prison, the desired end might be accomplished. This would leave the door open for reformation, and at the same time would deprive the *class* of criminals of political power, — those who live by crime, and are sent to jail as a matter of course every year or two.

munity, including under that phrase advancement in intellect, in virtue, and in practical activity and efficiency, and partly of the degree of perfection with which they organize the moral, intellectual, and active worth already existing, so as to operate with the greatest effect on public affairs." We think that this system, the most characteristic product of American institutions, deserves some little notice from English writers upon our affairs, who always choose to take the city of New York as their specimen of American democracy, — a city where genuine democracy does not exist at all, and where unlimited suffrage, not modified by adequate institutions of political education, has given the control of affairs to a city rabble (largely composed of naturalized foreigners), and made New York perhaps the worst governed community in the world. A mobocratic rule like this is one of the chief dangers to which democratic institutions are liable; but it is no more their necessary consequence, than an oligarchic terrorism like that of Venice or South Carolina is the necessary growth of the aristocratic constitution of Great Britain. The New York mobocracy may be well taken as a warning to overhasty innovators among ourselves, but we protest against its being considered a legitimate outgrowth of democracy. The cause of its degeneracy is, that the ardent radicalism of thirty years ago conceived that the theory of democracy required unrestricted suffrage, and the election of all officers by the people; so it is (or has been) practically open to everybody to vote who chose, and indeed as often as he pleased, and of course every city officer has been chosen by the mob. But they did not see that this was only one half of democracy, — the half, too, in which democracy would fail if anywhere, when compared with other forms of government, and which, without the other half to balance and direct it, might be rather pernicious than beneficial. It is true that the town system cannot be applied to cities, whose inhabitants are too numerous and know too little of each other to admit of pure democracy. This is a defect in the nature of things, for which there is no certain remedy, and which constantly tends, in large cities, to turn democracy into mobocracy. But, for this very reason, it is all the more necessary to protect the purity of election here

by all possible safeguards, and to make the country towns (from which the cities draw their life) nurseries of practical democracy. Neither of these things was done in New York. The polls were left to the control of the Empire Club and emigrant-runners, and the townships were left with only imperfectly democratic institutions. We repeat, — and it cannot be repeated too often, — this is not democracy, but false democracy; and it is this which is to be held responsible for the partial failure of free institutions in our large cities.*

In New England we have thus far resisted the temptation to substitute theory for the hereditary and well-balanced democracy under which we prosper so well. We have not accepted the doctrine, that the suffrage is the natural right of every vagabond and scoundrel, and we have not made the tenure of all offices dependent upon periodical election. At the same time, we have maintained the principle of decentralization in local administration, and above all have recognized the duty of the state to educate its citizens. For this end our common-school system was established. But valuable as this is, it is infinitely less efficient than the democratic town administration, in which every citizen can take a personal part. Schooling is not enough; if it were, German peasants would be as well fitted for democracy as New England farmers. The other Northern States are nearly as zealous in public education as those of New England, but it is a serious, perhaps fatal defect, that their town affairs are not conducted on the principle of pure democracy, but that they delegate the powers which the people of New England exercise directly.

We will illustrate this by explaining in a few words the difference between the New England town system and that of New York, which also prevails in other States of the Union. In New York, the citizens choose their town officers and vote supplies, generally without discussion; and *there is all they have to do*. These officers decide upon all details of administration, and expend the sums put into their hands, we believe generally with good judgment, and under what seem to be

* The recent disgraceful affairs at Harrisburg and Albany are results of the same system.

adequate checks and controls. In New England, on the other hand, scarcely anything but the mere detail-work is left to the discretion of the magistrate. The people come together, always once, and usually three or four times a year, to decide on all matters of town interest. If a road is to be laid out, a new school established, a bridge or a "town-house" built, a petition presented to Congress, or any town concern to be brought before the Legislature,* the whole matter is thoroughly discussed by whatever citizens choose to speak, and then voted upon. Indeed, the powers of the people extend so much into detail, that plans and specifications of a building to be erected, and the precise way in which a road is to curve, are often laid before the meeting. On the first Monday in every March, over three hundred meetings of this sort are held in the State of Massachusetts, in all which there is shrewd, earnest, sensible debate on such points as we have mentioned, carried on by those who have the most immediate concern in the decision. We have listened, at these meetings, to argument, wit, and eloquence of a high order. Now, it is obvious that such a process as this insures practical, economical administration; the discussions are on questions that all understand, and every one feels that the rate at which he is to be taxed, the quality of the schools to which he sends his children, and the safety and comfort of the roads which he drives over every day, depend on the way in which he votes. It is rare that town action is not at once liberal and economical. A Pennsylvania gentleman, with whom we were conversing once on this subject, remarked, "We should think it poor economy for a whole town to come together to do what half a dozen men can do as well." Perhaps it is poor economy, although we do not think so. But we are sure that, in every other respect, our system is the true one. The social influence of these town meetings, where neighbors meet on common ground; the certainty that there can be no favoritism or jobbing; and, above all, the political education that every citizen

* The original settlers of Massachusetts being of a common religious faith, their institutions were based on the identity of church and state. So the towns formerly managed the church organizations as well as the schools. But this was given up when church and state were separated, and the voluntary system introduced.

receives, the practical acquaintance with public business, municipal law, and parliamentary practice,—these render the New England town-meeting the most valuable political institution we have.

These democratic institutions, joined with the religious basis on which all her commonwealths were from the first established, have raised New England to the lofty position she occupies before the world. No other institutions have ever produced a community with so high an average of prosperity, intelligence, and character. Nowhere else in our country does conscience enter so largely into political affairs,—a morbid and unenlightened conscience, her detractors say, who win their political victories by the aid of the pure and enlightened conscience of the Five Points and Egypt; at any rate, a sincere one. In no other section is there such a prevailing tone of true conservatism,—a conservatism of whatever is just, stable, and well-ordered; of an independent judiciary, purity of election and administration, municipal order, and institutions of religion: in no other, so much true radicalism,—desire and effort to root out whatever is rotten and harmful in the body politic. These qualities she owes to her democracy. We hear much said of a reconstruction of the Union, with New England “left out in the cold.” God grant it may never come to this,—a new Union with slavery for its cornerstone; but if it does, the best boon New England would ask is to be left out.

But we rate our town institutions so high, not only because they are the best school for a practical acquaintance with public affairs, but because they are the best, perhaps the only, means of reconciling the perplexing claims of law and liberty in the habits of the community. We are called a law-abiding people, and as a nation the reputation is deserved. The English and Americans, being accustomed to govern themselves, respect and obey *law*; Europeans, being governed by force from without, submit to nothing but *authority*. Now, seeing that in a republic the principle of authority is wholly discarded, its institutions should aim above all things to cultivate the principle of law. In New England this is done. Every citizen has a personal share in making the laws, and conse-

quently feels no desire to break them. But in the other States this feeling of individual responsibility does not exist, by reason of the very slight connection which each citizen has with the administration of affairs ; and we have as a result neither pure law, as in New England, nor pure authority, as in Europe, nor traditional habits of order, as in England ; but the practice of authority partially engrafted upon republican forms. And the necessary consequence, in a population so restless, unsystematic, and impatient of arbitrary restraint as ours, and so largely composed of foreigners, who have learned to hate the very name of law, and who know no mean between despotism and license, is an alarming, and, we fear, increasing lawlessness.

How this lawlessness is to be restrained, is a serious problem for the States in question. It appears as if there were only two alternatives, namely, to extend the practice of authority to an unreasonable and unrepublican degree, or to develop the democratic germ, which does exist in their institutions, into activity, somewhat as it is in New England. But their native population is so intelligent, and by nature so orderly, and popular education is so admirably managed among them, that we have little fear as to the final result. We may reasonably expect that they will in time develop some entirely new system of democratic action, as well adapted to their wants as ours is to our wants. These great border States are to rule the destinies of the country, and they are characterized by broad, vigorous, and liberal action, which attests their political capabilities. New York, in particular, is already distinguished above all other States for its enlightened legislation on the law of property, its system of popular education, and its benevolent institutions. We are confident that so splendid a career as hers will not stop short of the truest and soundest democracy. Meanwhile no insignificant political education is afforded by the caucus system, which, when properly conducted, is found to be a valuable part of our political machinery, and a very efficient means of tempering the formalities of constitutional procedure with the freedom and individuality of private activity.

The real danger we have to fear is from the cities. Pure

democracy is impracticable in them; powers must be delegated, instead of being exercised immediately by the people. But even here there is little cause for apprehension, so long as false theories of democracy do not prevail. Where these hold sway, where democracy receives such a definition as it has received in New York, the result must inevitably be what we see there. For cities are congregating points for all the ruffianly elements of society. By virtue of numbers, unscrupulousness, and facility of being marshalled by demagogues, these will surely outvote the better members of society, if they are allowed to do so. We do not by any means rejoice, as our countrymen are apt to do, in the rapid growth of our cities. These idle and vicious throngs ought to be spread over the vast lands which lie ready for them to occupy. Then they would become orderly citizens; now they are an excrescence. But we have the cities, and it is our business to see that they do not work the ruin of our democratic institutions. To prevent this result we only see two ways, — to exclude the openly vicious from the suffrage, or to deprive the cities as a whole of certain prerogatives. The first of these is that which is partially adopted in Massachusetts, and which we have shown to be in entire conformity with the spirit of democracy. The other is wholly at variance with our institutions, but the people of New York have been driven to adopt it,* because they see no other way of escaping the gulf into which their political theories are leading them. Better meet the question boldly, and if it is come to this, that a cherished theory must be abandoned, or the essential practice of republicanism, examine the theory afresh, and see whether the events of thirty years have not thrown some new light upon it. De Tocqueville shows the admirable balance of our federal system, — how with a highly centralized national government local independence is jealously maintained, — thus at once avoiding the usual weakness of federal states, and carrying out republicanism on a larger scale than had been thought practicable. But this new experiment in New York attacks

* In the Municipal Police Act, which took the control of the police of New York city entirely out of the hands of the magistrates and people of the city, and gave it to the State.

this balance in a most vital point, in that it puts the municipal management of the chief city of the continent into the hands of strangers. Yet even this is better than the mobocracy which made it necessary.

In the preceding pages we have sketched with some minuteness the theory of democracy which, consciously or unconsciously, is universally accepted in America. All Americans agree that democracy is the true and the best form of government for a community *which is fitted for it*; and all the United States hold it to be their duty to provide such educational institutions as shall fit their citizens for it, except the Slave States, which reject the theory of democracy, and consequently reject the educational institutions of the Northern States. Where the experiment of democracy is tried, faithfully and thoroughly, its working is most satisfactory; where it is only partially put in practice, there are very decided and obvious faults, which have led superficial and prejudiced observers to distrust the whole system. Even in these States, however, we are satisfied that its benefits are greater than its defects. "The defects and weaknesses of a democratic government," says De Tocqueville, "may readily be discovered; they are demonstrated by flagrant instances, whilst its salutary influence is insensible, and, so to speak, occult. A glance suffices to detect its faults, but its good qualities can be discerned only by long observation."* Few English writers care to bestow more than a glance upon this country; the glance shows them exactly what they wish to see, and they hasten to proclaim it.

They see that most of our large cities are ruled by the mob, and conclude at once that mobocracy and democracy are the same thing. They see excessive party spirit, — a fault of all free governments, and therefore peculiarly the fault of the freest. They see a certain vulgar tone given to public affairs by the fact that men of cultivation and character have not their due weight in them. They see a low standard of public morality, and, forgetting that Russia is even more distinguished for this than the United States, charge it upon democracy. We acknowledge in a measure the truth of

* Vol. I. p 302.

this charge,* but deny the inference. We have not yet hit upon the remedy for the evil, but we are sure that a remedy exists. We remember that the ages of Charles II. and of Sir Robert Walpole were notoriously corrupt; that the "glorious Revolution of '88" was wrought by a set of men most of whom would be infamous at the present day; and that the movement in England has been since then almost invariably in the direction of public morality, democratic institutions, and purity of manners. Hence we infer that a nation may emerge triumphant from worse corruption than that which exists among us. It could be shown that the causes of this corruption are to be found chiefly in practices and constitutional provisions which have nothing to do with democracy, and that in several well-known instances the worst form of political corruption has been thrown off, and an upright administration restored by the energetic action of the people; but our space will not allow the digression. These critics also see numerous social follies and vices, and do not consider that these are quite as truly the product of our peculiar position in a new and vast country, untrammelled by precedent, and unusually free from authority, as the rapid growth of prosperity, which they are never tired of repeating, is mainly due to these external advantages.

A point we have already glanced at is the alleged mediocrity of our public men, — a charge which certainly has some show of truth in it, although much exaggerated. We need only remark the inconsistency of crying out in one breath that we have no able public men, and in the next reproaching us with passing over our eminent statesmen, Clay, Calhoun, Webster, and choosing Polk, Pierce, and Lincoln to the Presidency. We must, however, acknowledge the charge in its entirety, as

* The corruption in America is among the public men, while the elections, except in some cities, are entirely pure; in England, the public men are generally above reproach, but the elections very corrupt. "The practice of bribing electors is . . . notoriously and publicly carried on in England. In the United States I never heard any one accused of spending his wealth in buying votes; but I have often heard the probity of public officers questioned; still more frequently have I heard their success attributed to low intrigues and immoral practices." — De Tocqueville, Vol. I. p. 287.

far as the Presidency is concerned.* The ingenious method which the framers of the Constitution contrived, to avoid this very evil among others, — which “*The Federalist*” says “affords a moral certainty that the office of President will seldom fall to the lot of any man who is not in an eminent degree endowed with the requisite qualifications,” — has failed completely. The conflicting interests of various States and sections, the difference in availability as respects this part of the country and the other, and the complicated arrangement by which the choice is made, partly by the States and partly by the people, make it necessary in ordinary times to select as candidate rather the man who has fewest enemies than the one who is fittest for the place. We have no doubt that a direct choice by the people, or one by Congress, would oftener hit upon the right man than the present method. There is no difficulty found in choosing the best men as Governors of the States. The lists of chief magistrates of New York and Massachusetts contain illustrious names, which would do honor to any country; and the same is more or less true of every important State. And after all, what European country had an abler body of statesmen twenty-five years ago than the United States? Or is it true that even our present statesmen are so very inferior in natural ability to the half-dozen men of cultivated mediocrity who have taken turns in managing English affairs since the death of Peel? “Themistocles and Pericles,” says Mill, “Washington and Jefferson, were not more completely exceptions in their several democracies, and were assuredly much more brilliant exceptions, than the Chatham and Peels of the representative aristocracy of Great Britain, or even the Sullys and Colberts of the aristocratic monarchy of France.”

* Still, Mr. Lincoln was not chosen because of his obscurity, but because he was the best representative of the conservative “Border State” republicanism, which carried the day at the Chicago Convention. All the leading statesmen of the party, Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, Mr. Fessenden, Mr. Sumner, Mr. Clay, and (less decidedly) Mr. Banks, belonged to the other, or radical wing of the party. It was certain that no one of these could be nominated, not because they were too well known, but because they did not represent the prevailing opinion in the Convention, which had therefore to make its choice from obscurer men; Mr. Bates and Mr. Cameron, hardly better known than Mr. Lincoln himself, were his only rivals from this point of view.

Still the charge is true in part. Congress ought to be made up of the best ability of the land: instead of that, it consists mostly of men of moderate parts and business habits, and of local reputation, among whom a small minority of able and experienced men take the lead in all public matters. In this it does not differ from Parliament, and most other legislative bodies, except in degree. The causes are various. But it is not true that the best men cannot be chosen to office; it is only that they will not. The fault of our people is hero-worship; but it is true, or has been of late years, that the best men can hardly be induced to enter public life. Why is this?

The repulsiveness of party manœuvring has kept many men of the better sort out of politics. This weighs less, however, than it did, because this better class of people have learned at last, that, if they desire a good government, they must see to it themselves, and have begun to resume their rightful place in the management of public affairs, to which they have been welcomed by the mass of the people, and where they have already imparted a higher and more healthy tone to party management. A second cause is the wretched salaries of the high functionaries, who receive here much less in proportion than in any other first-class government. It is no trifling matter when such men as Judge Curtis and Governor Banks cannot afford to remain in public life. But the chief cause is the insecure tenure of official position, which renders it almost impossible for a first-rate man to devote himself to public affairs.* In England, if a candidate is defeated for Westminster, he can present himself for Southampton, and so remain still in public life; but, in this country, we have carried the principle of locality (itself a principle of fundamental importance) to such a length, that no person whose politics differ from those of the community in which he resides can venture to make public life his profes-

* Enough weight is not always given to the consideration, that in this country almost everybody has his bread to earn, and that, if a man of high standing in any profession or business accepts public office, it must be at the sacrifice, for the time, of his professional standing and income. Daniel Webster could not have afforded to sit in his country's councils, except for a large sum of money raised and presented to him by the merchants of Boston.

sion ; and the ablest man in the Democratic party at this moment can find no higher scope for his ambition than to represent a small town in the General Court of Massachusetts. The miserable principle of rotation in office aids in this. The nation is deprived of the services of the ablest and most experienced member of the Maine delegation in Congress, because — Penobscot has had it long enough, and Piscataquis claims her turn. We can never have a large class of thoroughly trained statesmen until these two destructive and undemocratic * practices — rigidly local representation and rotation in office — are given up.

Of all the dangers and evils charged upon democracy, none is so incessantly harped upon as the "tyranny of the majority"; nor is there any one which is so vague and purely theoretical in its nature; which rests so little upon what really is, and so much upon what possibly may be; and which has so little basis in the actual workings of any democracy, (unless, perhaps, in that of Paris for a few frenzied months,) least of all in that of America. The friends of democracy are as much scared by this phantom as its foes. De Tocqueville considers it the most serious defect in our institutions, that it gives opportunity for this tyranny, but only adduces two or three actual instances, — instances which have no connection with the power of the legally exercised majority, but with its irregular manifestations, and which are very easily matched in other countries. First, as to mob law. Most certainly there have never been more violent popular outbreaks against unpopular minorities in this country, (leaving out the Southern States, which have been ruled by an oligarchy,) than in England in the cases, among others, of Lord George Gordon and of Dr. Priestley. And if it be answered that this was long ago, and that the people of England have changed since then, we accept the argument as precisely to the purpose. When these events took place, England was completely under the control of the nobility; she has grown more democratic since then, and in proportion as she has grown democratic, she has also grown

* Undemocratic, because they take away from the people the free right of choice, for the benefit of party managers.

orderly and tolerant. The English reformers, whom Pitt tried to crush by legal process, and whom his mob tried to crush by violence, were much less dangerous conspirators against even that oppressive *régime*, than are the Vallandingham and Woods, whose persecutions are so commiserated across the water, against the Constitution they have sworn to support. And as to De Tocqueville's second illustration, that the blacks in Philadelphia were obliged to abstain from voting, notwithstanding their legal right, we do not know where we should find an apter parallel than in the highest and most enlightened circles of the most powerful and enlightened nation on the globe, where, for years after Dissenters were permitted by law to attend the great Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, it is notorious that the place was made so uncomfortable for them that they were fain to content themselves with the inferior advantages of London.

The writer in the Quarterly Review finds this judgment of De Tocqueville an authority for laying the responsibility of secession and of the war upon democracy, choosing to consider the South as revolting against the oppression of the majority in the matter of tariffs; adding, "On its assumed premises, the position of the North is unanswerable. If slavery were alone, or principally, in issue, the conduct of the South would not only be unreasonable, but unintelligible." Now, considering that nobody on this side of the Atlantic, North or South, connects the rebellion with any question in the world but slavery, we do not know that our cause could desire any handsomer or more complete defence than this from the Quarterly Review. But as both defenders and opponents of democracy seem to agree in placing its peculiar danger here, it will be well to discuss this point at some length, premising that the proposition for the representation of the minority, so ably and conclusively maintained by Mr. Mill, has little to do directly with this question. The representation of the minority would increase the efficiency and elevate the character of the government; but it would be as easy to override a minority then as now. The accusation we are considering concerns an alleged evil, not a proposed advantage.

The charge made is, that "the tyranny of a majority is the

chief evil to be feared under a democracy." Very true. So is the tyranny of an individual the chief evil to be feared under a monarchy, and that of a minority, under an aristocracy. In a democracy, the tyranny of a majority is the only tyranny to be feared, because it is the majority that rules. That is to say, the power of making the final decision in matters of public concern, which must be lodged somewhere, is in a democracy lodged with the whole people; and it being so lodged, the decision of the majority of this people is accepted as final, rather than the will of any smaller portion. Precisely analogous to what happens under an aristocracy, a majority of which prevails over a minority, as a matter of course. Thus, the only respect in which our institutions differ from the English (in principle) is, that what may be called the constituent body forms a larger proportion of the whole population. Here, a majority of the whole people decides; there, a majority of a small minority. The writer in the *Quarterly* argues as if our affairs were immediately directed by large assemblies, forgetting, or not knowing, that, except in our New England town system, our government is as completely representative as the English. In each country the majority of the constituent body has the right of making ultimate decisions; but in each, this right is delegated to a representative body.

Two points, therefore, come up for discussion. First, whether the lawful powers of our majority are more irresponsible and dangerous than those of the English; secondly, whether any additional peril grows out of the enlarged constituency. The second of these points has already been sufficiently discussed in the general statement of the democratic doctrine. As to the first, no thoughtful advocate of democracy has ever meant to set up an irresponsible and unlimited power of the people; and when the defenders of prerogative attack such a doctrine as this, they only set up a man of straw and knock him down again. We do not need to be told that such a power, wherever placed, will almost certainly be abused. Perhaps, too, it is true, as so often claimed, that the tyranny of many is harder to bear than the tyranny of one; but we do not believe it is worse than the tyranny of a few. No term in the vocabulary of political

science is so identified with cruelty, selfishness, and rapacity as Oligarchy.*

We do not doubt that the majority would grasp all power and abuse if it could. Men are no nearer perfection in a large body than individually. We already have political maxims, quoted every day with approbation, which show its temper. "The greatest good of the greatest number," — this popular cry makes into a formula the total denial of the rights of the minority, "*Vox populi, vox Dei*," which transfers the maxim that the king can do no wrong, from a chance individual to a chance collection of individuals. But the framers of our Constitution were not so blind as to overlook these tendencies, which they endeavored to counteract by constitutional provisions. De Tocqueville mentions as mitigations of the power of the majority, the absence of centralized administration; the legal tone of public proceedings, arising from the control which the judiciary exercises over the legislature, and the prominence of the legal profession; and the trial by jury. These he considers inadequate. But he fails to mention the chief guaranty, — the Bill of Rights attached to the Federal Constitution under the form of Amendments or special sections, and, if we are not mistaken, to be found also in the constitution of every State. These articles of the Constitution were intended to cover every considerable matter where there was danger of violation of personal rights; and, in combination with the political power and independence of the judiciary, form the most complete set of safeguards ever devised, — certainly far more complete than the English Constitution contains, whose Bill of Rights is much less extended, and is besides wholly subject to the caprice of Parliament, whereas no one Congress can effect any change, however small, in these fundamental articles in our Constitution.

But of course even constitutional provisions can be eluded;

* The writer in the Quarterly has omitted to quote De Tocqueville on this point. "It is certain that democracy annoys one part of the community, and that aristocracy oppresses another." (p. 241.) "It cannot escape observation, that, in the legislation of England, the interests of the poor have been often sacrificed to the advantage of the rich, and the rights of the majority to the privileges of the few." (p. 307.)

and whenever our people are sufficiently degenerate, and the bench sufficiently corrupt, these safeguards will be wholly set aside. During the dark days of the rule of the Southern oligarchy, the doctrine of constructive treason was trumped up, in open violation of the Constitution, just as it was in England at the time of the French Revolution. But there never was a conviction under it. By the same influence, the rights to the trial by jury and the *habeas corpus* were taken away from a certain class of citizens, under a legal fiction, by the provisions of the Fugitive Slave Law. But this infamous law was passed, not by a tyrannous majority, but by an intriguing minority, and under the shadow of an institution that blasted everything it touched. In matters not the subject of such bitter party action, our record is clean. In the Dartmouth College case, the sacredness of contracts was maintained. In the Hyannis kidnapping case, a wretch whose guilt was manifest was freed in the face of an overwhelming popular sentiment, because the jurisdiction was not clear. But these were by judges appointed for life. Take the Lemmon case, then, where elected judges, in a community which had little sympathy with the claimants, declared their freedom on constitutional grounds, and the decision was reaffirmed by court after court.* So far, our judges have shown themselves fully as ready to protect against oppression as the Thurlows and Bullers of England.

Besides these constitutional provisions for the protection of the minority, there are several subsidiary balances found in the political habits and procedure of the country, the combined effect of which in tempering the action of the majority is very considerable. Our radical reformers have often been impatient at the obstacles from this source in the way of bringing about their desired reform; forgetting that the same causes that delay the progress of justice and humanity will be equally efficient, when the time comes, to hinder the evil schemes of designing men, and protect against the tyranny of

* No doubt elected judges are unduly influenced by popular sentiment. Still — except in the cities — the popular sentiment is so healthy that the system of an elective judiciary has so far worked much better than would naturally be expected. It is at present a dangerous tendency rather than an actual evil.

numbers. The very same conservatism which had hampered the antislavery movement for years, thwarted and delayed the secession movement, and thus gained precious months for us. Foremost among these influences is the legal character of public proceedings, already alluded to, the great influence of the legal profession, and the conservative character of the common law, which we have inherited from England, as compared with the civil law, in force on the Continent. "The English and American lawyers," says De Tocqueville, "investigate what has been done; the French advocate inquires what should have been done. The former produce precedents; the latter, reasons."* Another is the complication and mutual interference of Federal and State action. Each has a natural jealousy of the other, which sometimes leads to embarrassment, and even peril, but, at all events, is to some extent a protection against misgovernment. Then the balance of power in elections is held in almost all the States by an uncertain, floating mass of "trimmers," always ready to quit the party that is carrying things with too high a hand, and put its rival in power. Party spirit, too — in its abuse a most dangerous thing — has often a very beneficial effect in keeping the opposition compact and organized, well trained in defeating extreme measures by party discipline and parliamentary tactics. But, after all, the only sure and permanent safeguard is educated public opinion; — what Mill calls "the unwritten maxims of the Constitution, — in other words, the positive political morality of the country." Such a public opinion is created and maintained in no other way so surely as by the thoroughly democratic institutions and administration of New England.

Having considered the nature of American Democracy, and the general charges which are preferred against it, we come to the special trial through which it is now passing. It seems to be thought by foreigners that we are living here in a genuine reign of terror, — a despotism exercised alternately by Abraham Lincoln and the New York "shoulder-hitters," who, as Blackwood has it, form the strength of the Republican party. How grossly these evils are exaggerated we need not say.

* Vol. I. p. 353.

Twice — when the war began, in April, 1861, and after Bull Run, in August of the same year — the fearful peril in which the nation was placed called for extreme measures. The President took the responsibility with a vigor and decision that will make his name illustrious. The traitors were overawed, and the danger passed. Perhaps — probably — there were arbitrary and unjustifiable arrests. It was impossible, at such a crisis, to discriminate with exactness; but the rights of the individual must give way when the nation is to be preserved. At the same time, sundry offensive persons and disloyal newspapers were mobbed. We have nothing to say in defence of this. Lynch law, however useful in the new settlements of the West, is not in keeping with our democratic institutions in the East. Our courts of justice are pure and sufficient, and any mob-law is a disaster. But if it was ever righteously exercised, it was when it was turned against that newspaper which had for years labored with all its energies to undermine the public virtue of the North; which had at every step defended the traitors who were in arms against their country; and had just before done its best to stir up a mob to crush free speech in the very cradle of liberty. It had sown the wind: it reaped the whirlwind. And we must confess to a feeling of satisfaction at historical justice, when Breckinridge and Vallandigham were forbidden to talk treason in the city which four months before had almost been in open revolt. But when the crisis was passed, the people and the government settled down into their habitual good-nature. The easy dealing of our authorities with disloyalty has made us ridiculous in the eyes of friends and enemies, and seriously impaired the efficiency of our arms. And, at present, open sympathy with the rebellion is expressed every day in every Northern town. Perhaps the frothy declaimer ends with challenging the government to send him to Fort Lafayette; but the government has other work to do, and his cheap treason is only laughed at.

The first and most important test to which our institutions were put by this contest was in respect to the spirit of republicanism. We were so accustomed to acquiesce in the result of elections, that we hardly realized at the time what a vital

rch'

Bull

nich

The

sion

ver-

ere

ble,

ghts

pre-

dis-

y in

ttle-

atic

and

ever

that

s to

ery

neir

o to

own

s to

dge

city

olt.

ent

cal-

ous

the

with

wn.

rov-

rn-

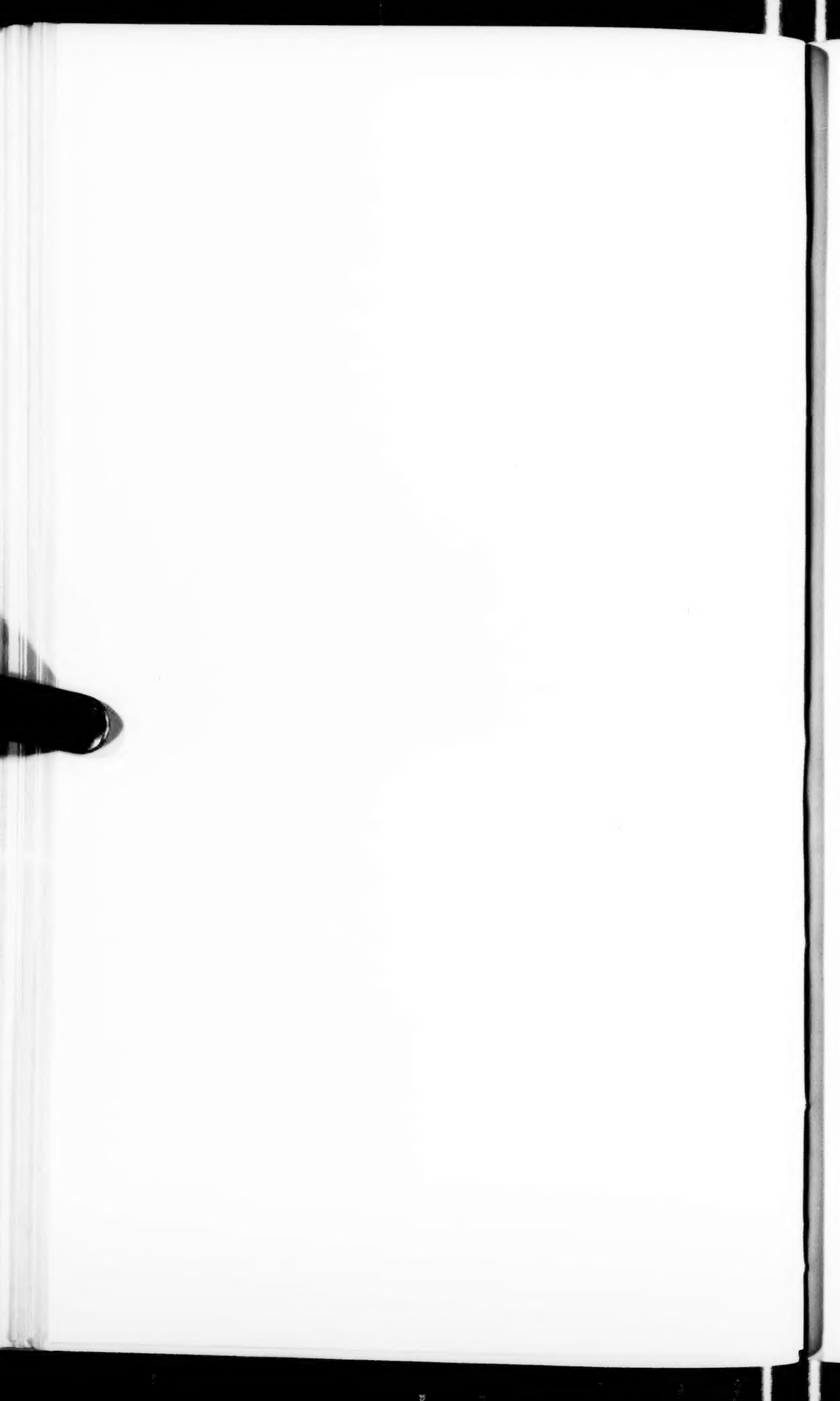
nly

ons

ub-

ult

ital



decision was made, when we determined to go to war rather than allow the Southern States to secede by force. Their taking part in the election was a tacit promise to abide by the result, and our action was to decide then and forever whether our republic was to follow the example of the South American republics. There was no avoiding the issue. A convention might have dissolved peaceably the bonds which held the States together, and that is what the North offered. But if the right of secession had been acknowledged, formally or tacitly, then farewell to all peace and order and liberty on this continent. This first severe trial democracy passed through triumphantly. Another peril like the first followed. When Sulla was unjustly deprived of his command, he refused to obey, — the civil war followed, and the Roman republic was at an end. Twice during this war the same danger has seemed possible. If the insidious prompting of partisans, or the malicious whispers of enemies, or the open encouragement of the *London Times*, had had weight with Generals Frémont and McClellan, it seemed as if the terrible fate of Rome might have come upon us without a moment's warning. But these true and patriotic men no more thought it possible to disobey the orders relieving them of their commands, than the humblest line officer in the army. This peril also is past, and republicanism is safe.

The second test was in the conduct of the war. Democracy was competent to manage in time of peace; could it conduct a tremendous civil war, sprung suddenly upon it? The result must show. Terrible mistakes have been made, and the war is still raging which we thought would have been ended before now. But if democracy is to be held responsible for the mismanagement on land, surely it should have the credit of the naval successes, — the exploits of Du Pont, Foote, Farragut, Worden, Boggs, and the Porters. It is not often in history that a great crisis has found just the right man in power, and perhaps we are no exception.* It is, at any rate, something, that we have an honest, earnest, industrious man, who has no

* It is a defect, not of democracy, but of our Constitution, that we are liable to be tied down to an incompetent official for a term of years, and that Buchanan had power nearly to ruin the nation after his successor was already designated.

small measure of clear common-sense, and who is not afraid to assume responsibility. It seems to be a characteristic of the Anglican race, as it was of the Romans, to begin by blundering. We have no cause to be ashamed of our blunders when we compare them with those the English made in the Crimean war and the Indian revolt. But England has a habit of not being disheartened by failures, and of carrying her undertakings through by sheer pluck ; and perhaps we have inherited something of this. Had we given up at the outset, or after the first failures, we should have deserved and received the execration and contempt of all time. And after all, what is the record ? Of the four important departments, the navy has been spoken of already. On land, too, in spite of our reverses, we have gained vastly within the year. In foreign affairs, whatever mistakes have been made by Mr. Seward, he cannot be said to have failed, when we consider how few misunderstandings have arisen with foreign powers in affairs of such magnitude, delicacy, and complication. And as to Mr. Chase, no one can deny him the credit of having conducted the national finances with rare skill and success through a most perplexing period. It is easy to criticise individual measures ; but if we look at the result, we must be astonished at the little embarrassment the government has experienced in providing itself, and the smallness of the debt incurred in proportion to the immense scale of operations.*

* Perhaps this is the most fitting place to introduce an extract from an article in the Quarterly Review for last October, which really deserves a place among the curiosities of literature. "If McClellan had been a Wellington, he would have done nothing under a superior, who . . . put an empty braggart like Pope over his head, because he had 'known him in the West.' If Mr. Chase had been a Turgot, he could have done nothing with a master who had made up his mind not to levy a farthing of direct taxation till the elections for Congress were over." 1. Pope was never over McClellan's head ; he commanded the Army of Virginia, and McClellan the Army of the Potomac, both under Halleck. 2. Pope was not an "empty braggart." A boaster, perhaps, but that he was not empty is shown by Northern Missouri, New Madrid, and Island No. 10. 3. As for Lincoln's "knowing him in the West," (if the expression is correctly quoted,) it means, of course, either that he knew him personally to be a capable officer, or that he knew it from his career in the West. 4. The President has nothing to do with taxation, except to sign the bills when they are passed. In this case, Mr. Chase and Congress waited until the people demanded taxation, — a fact not perhaps to their credit, but certainly to that of the people. 5. The tax-bill was passed last spring, and the

A third test is in the temper and habits of democracy. We enter upon this branch of the discussion with diffidence, because it will be hard to do justice to the conduct of our people during this contest without seeming to indulge in the spirit of boasting. We feel less reluctance, however, in view of the grossness of the slanders which have been heaped upon us. Those who are on the watch for discreditable manifestations have no difficulty in finding them; we take no pleasure in being obliged to call their attention to what they have chosen to overlook. Many of our national faults are such as the trials through which we are passing will serve to correct. Already we see their fruits in many directions. The subversive, leveling, "no-government" theories, which amused in times of peace, will never again find a foothold among us, and the lawlessness of Young America will, we trust, be checked somewhat by the new military spirit. We have learned to brag less, and at the same time have acquired a manlier bearing and truer confidence in ourselves; we have become less thin-skinned, as we have found out how little the judgment of foreign journals is worth to us. The spirit of loyalty and of nationality, which had almost died out during those sad, shameful years of our degradation, have sprung up afresh and more buoyant than ever. We know now what it is to have a country of which we can be proud, a flag which symbolizes liberty and law, a nationality united, powerful, hopeful, and free.

But such points as these can be better understood when the struggle is over; we are to speak now, not of what the war is to teach our people, but of the testimony it has already borne to their capacity for self-government, of the proofs that have appeared that our institutions have done the work expected of them, and educated the people to high political capabilities. First, in their logical comprehension of the issue. We have

elections for Congress were held in the autumn, about six months later. This is a fair specimen of the article. The writer may have the benefit of the alternative, consummate ignorance or wilful misstatement. But what shall be said of the "Edinburgh," which, in order to give the weight of Hamilton's authority to the doctrine of the impossibility of coercing a State, quotes (from Spence) a passage from the *Federalist*, showing the weakness of the central government under the old Confederation, and designed to serve as an argument for the adoption of the *Federal Constitution*?

already spoken of the weighty decision made in behalf of republicanism at the outset, not distinctly acknowledged, but clearly felt, as a vital and momentous one. It is, however, in relation to slavery that the logic of the situation was most remarkable. Every one saw that slavery was the cause of the war, and felt that it must perish by the sword it had drawn. But every one saw, too, that it was only on the ground of nationality that the contest could be maintained, and that any attack upon slavery, except as a military necessity, would be of the nature of a *crusade*, and indefensible at this stage of the world's history. So all classes — Abolitionists, Republicans, old-line Democrats — united in waiting patiently for the working of Providence in the matter of this national sin, thanking God meanwhile that they had lived to see the great work begun.

We do not speak of the promptness and unanimity with which the nation rallied to defend the flag when it was first struck down. That might have been the passing enthusiasm of an excitable people. But we look with pride upon the steadfastness with which they have clung to their purpose through dark and sorrowful months, — rallying speedily after a moment's bewilderment at the unexpected defeat at Bull Run; waiting patiently and trustingly through long, weary, anxious months of preparation; paralyzed for a while by the terrible disasters of last summer, but then rising with a majesty and determination infinitely nobler than that of the year before; surrendering without a murmur the most precious lives to their country's cause; giving lavishly everything the government asked, and more than it asked; unmoved by financial troubles, undisturbed by sneers and abuse; turning to private association and enterprise, when the government was once well armed, and supporting the most gigantic and admirable charities by individual donations, — the Sanitary Commission, the Educational Commission, the Cooper's Shop, the Soldier's Home, hundreds of hospitals and Soldiers' Aid Societies. We do not believe that history affords a more heroic spectacle than this of the American nation in these sore calamities. We are told that the age of chivalry is past. But our chivalry is loftier than that of knights and princes. Every day we read

or hear told some new example ; every battle gives a mournful lustre to some new name. The zeal with which men pressed forward for the mere honor of serving their country in her hour of need ; their uncomplaining fortitude under suffering, their unwavering resolve, their intrepidity, their cheerful promptness, — these records cannot be surpassed by the tales of any age or country. All the world honors the names of Havelock, Hodson, and Headley Vicars ; but our country claims the glory of scores of names as pure and noble as these, martyrs in the cause of Christianity and civilization.

We are not disposed to criticise our government too sharply for the failures it has made in a work of such difficulty. But it has never been in earnest as the people have been in earnest, never has appreciated the determination of the people, never has led the people. Never was a government so fully, so heartily, and so liberally supported by every class, as ours has been. When the magnitude of the financial problem became manifest, and public men were appalled, and credit began to fail, the people first called for direct taxation ; and it was not until the demand became clamorous that Congress ventured to take up with the idea. When the extent of our disasters in the summer became fairly known, and it was seen that we must start again and do our work over again, the people first said, "Draft" ; and it was the President's wise and timely adoption of their suggestion that first renewed confidence and gave a fresh impulse to the national cause.

Even our friends in England, — and we wish John Bright, John Stuart Mill, and our other defenders, could know the affectionate gratitude they have won from a whole nation, — even the friends of our cause have generally thought it necessary to except the Trent affair from their defence. We think no event has been more creditable to our community than this. When the news came of the arrest of the two traitors, there was honest and universal rejoicing, as was natural. But the question was asked at once, whether the seizure was legal, and the expression was almost universal that, if it was not, they would of course be given up. The very evening paper in which we read the news of their arrest contained an extract from Wheaton which seemed to make it clear that they

were lawfully taken.* Then followed discussion after discussion, examining the subject from every point of view; the effect of all which was, that the community had generally settled into the sincere belief that the act was justifiable, and the surprise was great and genuine at the blustering and indecent language of the English press. Then the sentiment was universal, — We believe we are in the right; and if so, we will go to war rather than yield; but if it be proved that we are wrong, let the men be given up. We do not think our government acted altogether frankly in the matter, but we congratulate ourselves that there was no such breach of good faith and common courtesy on their part as Earl Russell was guilty of in suppressing Mr. Seward's disclaimer, and suffering the English people to lash themselves into a fury, which a word from him would have calmed down. It is as easy to say that the ready acquiescence of the American people was owing to fear, as it was to say beforehand that their vindictiveness and unreasoning passion would never consent to the prisoners being given up. But we know that the temper of the community was such at that time that they were ready even to plunge into a war with England rather than abate one jot of their fair rights. They acquiesced because they were convinced that these rights were at best doubtful; and we will not deny that there was a general feeling of relief and congratulation that the matter was peaceably settled.

These qualities we have enumerated are just opposite to those we should have been told to expect. We need not be surprised to see the sudden enthusiasm spread all over the land swift as a prairie-fire; but to see it burn with such a steady and glowing heat, — that was the wonder. Democracies are called impatient; but we waited months and months with hardly a murmur. They are called turbulent; but we showed such ready submission under lawful authority, that the old charge would not answer any longer, and we were taunted with being mean-spirited and abject. They are called unjust; but when was people ever so tender and considerate to a de-

* Why persist in calling Admiral Wilkes "a pirate," after his modest and manly letter, showing the pains he took to inform himself as to the law of the case, and his full conviction that he acted legally?

feated general, through whose failure they had suffered such cruel and grievous disappointment, as the American people towards General McDowell, after Bull Run? They are called vindictive and fierce; but what insurrection was ever treated with such magnanimity, we can almost say weak mildness, as this has been? They are called fickle; but when was a more constant and devoted — almost fanatical — fidelity shown to a personal leader, and through more trying circumstances, than in the adherence of vast multitudes throughout the land to the fame of Generals Frémont and McClellan, — who are at this moment, in spite of the cloud under which both are resting, perhaps the two most popular men in the United States?

We have spoken only of the American democracy, because it is this which is most traduced, and because in the United States democracy has its fullest development. We need not, however, have confined ourselves to this country. European writers may study, at their own doors, the operations of an orderly, prosperous democracy in Switzerland, — the one country of Europe where an American feels most at home. The populace of France is not supposed to be especially fitted for free institutions; but listen to the testimony of an English writer,* who lays down the general law that “the more educated classes of a nation ought to bear rule,” yet who is “obliged to confess, with surprise and mortification, that the French *prolétaire* and the Emperor, his nominee, seem capable of wiser instincts and nobler sentiments than either Orleanists, or Legitimists, or Republican statesmen, — than either Guizot, Thiers, Chateaubriand, or Cavaignac.” But he need not have looked across the Channel. If any people within this generation has surpassed the American in heroism, it is the operatives of England, whom the most terrible privations have not excited to disorder nor tempted to disown the claims of conscience. Nothing is more touching than their declaration that they are willing to suffer, if through their sufferings deliverance can come to the slave.† None of these people are

* National Review for October, 1862, p. 345.

† “That the classes of England just low enough to be excluded from direct political power sympathize with the North, wherever they have enough acquaintance with facts to know that the revolted South consists of Slave States, is clear from all

politically educated. But it is proved that the popular instincts, even of French peasants and English operatives, may be the safest guide in national policy. The work-people of England might not have produced a great statesman, but they would not have committed the fatal blunder, by the craftiness of diplomacy, of alienating the one nation best fitted and best disposed to be a fast friend.

Democracy is the latest born of all principles of human government.* No nation before our own has had more than a glimmering of its truth and majesty ; even we only half understand it, and adopt it timidly and imperfectly. Just as the modern conception of liberty, as a natural right granted by the Creator to all men, has succeeded to the narrow and selfish idea of the ancients, with whom Freedom meant the special privileges which distinguished citizen, patrician, baron, from slave, plebeian, vassal ; so American democracy discards the false notions which have had sway under its name, and would have all men worthy, and all worthy men citizens. It is surely and steadily gaining in power. Either true democracy, which means order, religion, intelligence, morality, freedom, is to bear sway, or false democracy, that is, anarchy, slavery, corruption, the tyranny of the mob. America has made her choice, and we believe she will find strength to correct those disastrous errors she has made in time past, and build up her institutions on the sure corner-stone of democracy founded on religion and education.

ostensible facts. . . . In the manufacturing districts, four or five attempts have been made by sympathizers with the rebellious slave power to take advantage of the sufferings of the operatives, and get from them an address to the Ministers or Parliament, which should be interpreted as proslavery ; but have failed in every case known to me. 'Amendments' have been carried, not indeed in word justifying the North, but equivalent to it. For when a people which is all but starving, which is selling and pawning its household furniture to get bread, and foresees in the coming winter the direst destitution, absolutely deprecates interfering in your war, when clever deceivers assure it that to do so will bring them plenty and prosperity, we may be sure that they have a conviction that the rebels have a wicked cause, and bravely refuse all connection with it, come what may." — *Letter from Prof. F. W. Newman, Sept., 1862.*

* "Although a democratic government is founded upon a very simple and natural principle, it always presupposes the existence of a high degree of culture and enlightenment in society. At first, it might be supposed to belong to the earliest ages of the world ; but maturer observation will convince us that it could only come last in the succession of human history." — *De Tocqueville, Vol. I. p. 270.*

ART. VII. — LATER PHASES OF ENGLISH FEELING.

Correspondence on the Present Relations between Great Britain and the United States of America. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.

THE thin, handsome volume whose title we have quoted is an interesting monument of a state of feeling which, we trust, is passing rapidly away. It consists of a *bona fide* correspondence between gentlemen* of professional culture, connected by intimate friendship, writing in mutual respect and courtesy, and alike lamenting the estrangement between the kindred nations, which had so nearly proved a calamity of the first magnitude, both to them and to the world. It ranges over nine months of the past year, — from January to October; covering in its commencement the moment of perhaps the deepest animosity on one side and resentment on the other, and reaching in its close to the first marked symptoms of that reaction in the public mind abroad, compelled by the development of events here, which we trust is the pledge of a firmer alliance and a closer kindred than ever of old.

It is impossible to read this correspondence — though it is couched in phrases not merely of strict courtesy, but of sincere and cordial friendship — without being struck by the difference in tone of the two writers. The American pleads earnestly, as for the welfare and honor of a native land in peril, — confessing its past errors and guilt, but contending manfully for its national life, and feeling that every blow struck at that is one which stabs him also. The Englishman, by comparison, handles the argument in a certain distant and *dilettante* way; he is very cool on every point that does not touch his personal honor as a Briton, or his personal feeling of the single moral point involved in slavery; there is an unmistakable something in his tone, that shows he is not in earnest in considering the point in debate as one really to be seriously argued at all. This lawyer-like style of treatment is very evident in most of

* Hon. Charles G. Loring, of Boston, and Edwin W. Field, Esq., of London.

the arguments we have seen from our English friends. If they have not absolutely prejudged the case, at least they have taken their brief, and are rather annoyed than helped by any suggestions that interfere with the plausible making-up which it is their business to offer the court. *Tant pis pour les faits*. It seems an impertinence to them, that an American should seriously argue his own side as if he believed in it.

It is this tone among our friends, even more (we are tempted to think) than the bitter insolence of our open enemies in the English public, which has so deeply grieved and estranged us. Whatever the patience, even friendliness and courtesy, with which our remonstrances were heard, it was with an air that told us, if words did not, that we were children, — our vexations and griefs real to ourselves, no doubt, and natural under our afflictions, — but nothing more. Like children, we must grow older and wiser. Of course, we should fail. Of course, we had made a very great blunder in undertaking the struggle at all. It was very provoking, too, to them, and a very uncomfortable, nay, an intolerable and unpardonable thing, that our fighting for existence should be carried on with so little consideration to their convenience. In fact, for them to keep neutral in the great battle of republican freedom and slaveholding despotism — not to interfere for the triumph of the latter — has been so often held forth as the acme of political honor and magnanimity, for which we should be loudly and humbly grateful, that some of us almost forgot that we had the common law of nations on our side, or any political rights which English logicians “were bound to respect.”

It is a cheering thing, and one which does infinite honor to the better sense of the British nation, that — as we fully and gratefully believe — the tide is turning there in favor of liberty and justice as we have understood them all along. Of course this change has much to do with the emancipation policy which our government have been reluctantly compelled to adopt, — reluctantly, because in conflict with our traditions of constitutional law; not less, perhaps, with that ferocity of tone with which the South has answered back to the last summons and threat of the authority it had defied. A policy that not only mercilessly sacrifices the negro, but threatens to hang

white prisoners, and hunts white women down with bloodhounds,* is justly outlawed from the comity or the compassion of mankind. We think, however, that, as soon as the better feeling is secured, a better judgment also will confess that there was something in the phrases *national integrity* and *constitutional law*, which our critics abroad have so long insisted had, and could have, no sense or meaning to us. We think, also, that the restored clearness of vision will discover facts that have long been willingly covered or disguised, — facts that told as plainly at the first as now, what was the nature of the struggle which the South had deliberately provoked. All these things will come in time. And it is better for our English friends to find them out for themselves, than to take them at any compulsory showing of ours.

What we wish to recognize now, frankly and gratefully, is the nobleness of temper — showing, in its stanch persistency through so many months of obloquy, the very finest qualities of British *manliness* — which is beginning to be victorious over prejudice that had seemed quite impregnable. In the words of one of the speakers † at the late magnificent meeting held (January 29) in Exeter Hall: “The good sense of the British people, and the inherent justice of our cause, are likely to take from us all chance of being martyrs, or of being said to advocate the cause of justice under unfavorable circumstances. The cause of justice and of the North, so far as my observation goes, is increasing in vigor every day.” ‡ We quote also from private correspondence these cheering words of a noble and brave defender of our republic. “Let us take courage. The heart of the millions beats as true as ever, and sympathizes with you. I never seemed to see so clearly a Divine hand overruling man’s folly, as in this war. I long, I sigh, I pray, for the early and complete success of your just cause.” In the words of still another, § — always friendly and

* If we can believe the recent terrible reports from Northern Alabama.

† Mr. Taylor, M. P. for Leicester.

‡ From the report in the London Star. The Leeds Mercury of January 30 contains a report of a meeting held at the same time at Bradford, with a full report of the noble speech of Mr. W. E. Forster, M. P.

§ In the London Inquirer of January 24.

just, except for the sort of pre-judgment we have spoken of, — “Though the tide of antislavery feeling seemed to have ebbed, the ocean which supplied it is as full as ever, and the waters are again rising in their ancient channels.” It is not merely from an unmanly leaning on foreign opinion, and courting of foreign favor, that we hail these symptoms with gratitude so deep and so devout. It is because we have regarded the estrangement of these two powerful and kindred peoples as a dishonor to one, and a calamity to both; as a dark and terrible menace hanging over the future fortunes and hopes of free humanity. When certain designs of France upon this continent craved countenance from the insidious phrase “rehabilitation of the Latin races,” it was time to remember — then, if not before — by what families of mankind the durable triumphs of constitutional freedom have been won; and to long, even passionately, for the restoring of harmony, and mutual understanding, and consent of policy and purpose, between those nations most solemnly pledged by their past history to the welfare and the progress of mankind.

It is a pity to see how much of the ancient love and honor we used to feel towards England has faded out in the disputes of the last two years. We will not go over the melancholy story of it again. But it is easier now, and it is pleasant, to remember how much has been honorable in the life of England in the past, — how much there is, even now, to win rather our sympathy than our distrust. The magnificent courage and endurance of her people, even in the shadow of sickness and starvation, and the terrors of approaching winter, we have already alluded to.* And besides, — with all the jealousy and ill-will and half-concealed hostility which she has seemed to show towards us as the one formidable and organized democracy among the nations, — with the same jealousy and ill-will and half-concealed hostility is England herself regarded by the despotisms of the Old World, as the citadel of free thought, as the champion of liberty in the forms of law. She has well earned the honor of that hate. Genuine British thought is the natural foe of tyranny.

* See note, page 293.

Not all the world, as we sincerely think, has shown so noble and rich a literature as England in these past thirty years,—that is to say, the truest representative expression of her truest representative minds. And this, not merely because of learning, genius, eloquence, imagination, or philosophical depth. In each of these there may have been higher examples elsewhere, or in other times. But because the great questions which lie at the heart of man's belief and life and hope have been more frankly met than elsewhere, illustrated with greater wealth of thought, and ripeness of culture, and nobleness of principle, and have lain more at the heart of that literature, which is the most genuine expression of the English mind. England has grown the ripe and mellow fruit, from the seeds of which much of our best planting has come. We do not forget or refuse to honor her now for that.

And yet again. It seems to us that, by the irresistible doom of Providence, England is set to working out those practical problems which touch nearest our own thoughts and prospects of the future. We do not forget the political follies, the political crimes, of which England has been guilty; still less can we forget the wicked and unjust threats that have been cast against us from her in our time of trouble, or the deliberate malice with which her wealth has been spent to cripple us, by moneyed speculators in piracy, ignored by official indolence at Liverpool, and cheered by official insolence at Kingston and Nassau. But neither do we forget the heroism of that struggle, centuries long, by which the liberties of England, and through them ours, have been won. We do not forget the gallant conflict that goes on there, year after year, from generation to generation,—the conflict against the abuse of power, the hardships of law, the ingrained wrong in institutions that have been growing old these thousand years. The relations of law and justice, of labor and capital, of population and land, of machinery and men, have nowhere led to so sharp and obstinate contentions, to such earnest hopes and bitter fears, as there. We have trusted that, in the providence of God, England should yet solve more of the terrible questions that press on the heart and hopes of humanity, as she nobly settled that of slavery thirty years ago; and we have thought that,

next to our own, there was no nation on earth on whose existence, prosperity, and strength so much of the world's future was staked. These thoughts have been too much stifled in the unhappy criminations of the past two years. We rejoice with the deeper thankfulness, if England will permit us to revive them now.

We remember, too, that the proud and powerful nationality of Britain has been forged out of materials hostile as our own, by the battle-hammers of a thousand years;—the process, like the welding of numberless fragments of metal at white heat; the result, the most tough and obstinate cohesion. Our nationality is at this hour passing the same terrible ordeal of fire and blood: the result, we will not doubt, shall be as solid and enduring. The true destiny of England has slowly dawned upon her people through the dust and shadows of a hundred bloody fields. Our destiny is darkened by the same cloud of civil strife that so long brooded in her sky. Her victories are the surest augury of ours. And one more element of confidence is revived in us when the tides of fraternal feeling flow again in the ancient channels; when something of the old half-loyal sentiment is restored, which has always made our New England proud of its affinity with that noble and imperial isle.

NOTE TO ARTICLE I.

A MISPRINT on p. 175, resulting from an error of copy, is corrected in the following note from the writer of the article:—

“Diophantus was a mathematician of Alexandria. He wrote thirteen books on ‘Arithmetical Questions,’ of which six remain. He wrote also a book on ‘Polygon Numbers.’ The problems which go by his name belong to the geometry of the square. They are of great variety, extraordinary ingenuity, and of no utility. If they had any use in ancient geometry, the modern calculus has superseded them, as it has nearly all ancient methods. They used to be, however, great favorites with mathematical pedagogues; and to solve a ‘Diophantine,’—that is, a Diophantine problem,—or to puzzle another with it, was a joy in mathematics such as only pedagogues can know.”

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THOUGH the small volume of "Sermons preached at Nîmes" * came to our hand more than a year ago, it would be an unpardonable neglect to omit notice of any work of such a writer as Timothy Colani. The poorest of his sermons is better than most that we find in the volumes even of famous preachers. His thought is always clear while it is profound, practical while it is philosophical, free while it is reverent, and simple while it is noble. His style has glow, strength, and purity, and is wholly free from the tricks of rhetoric. He preaches to the heart through the intellect, and urges upon the conscience no plea for which he has not full reason. His exhortations are always restrained by modesty and good sense, and there is no egotism in his earnest personal address. We are tempted to justify this opinion by the quotation of many of the passages which we have marked; but we limit ourselves to a single passage in the discourse upon Cornelius, where the efficacy of prayer is alluded to.

"I can understand how any one may doubt the efficacy of prayer, when it is concerned even with the best of the good things of earth, for it may be contrary to the Father's wise and holy love to grant us these; and an eminent Christian (Thomas Adam) has said, that, if God should take us at our word in all that we ask of him, he would make us wretched for time and for eternity. Moreover, experience certainly proves that most of our prayers for earthly good things remain without visible result. But those in which we ask God to save us from doubt and bring us to the light are all and at once answered, if we have offered them with a true filial earnestness. What, in fact, do we ask of our Father? To enable us to worship in spirit and in truth. But this worship, my dear hearers, has in every case for its fundamental doctrine confidence in the Lord, and for its first condition the thirst for things divine. It consists, then, in prayer itself: in asking God to make us know the true religion, we are already practising it; in throwing ourselves into his arms to implore him to teach us how to fly, we have already taken our flight toward the heavenly regions."

VERY different, in every respect, from the Sermons of Colani are the Sermons of the Pastor Mouchon, which he has faintly disguised by the title of "Scenes and Pictures from the Story of the Gospel." † We have no information concerning the writer or his antecedents, and only know, from his dedication of the book, that he has had the care of at least two churches. He dedicates it to the church which he leaves and the church to which he is going,—"to the one as a souvenir, to the other as a promise." The tone of the discourses indicates an author still young, and the allusions bear witness that the preacher is

* *Quatre Sermons prêchés à Nîmes. Par T. COLANI. Strasbourg et Paris: Treuttel et Wurtz. 1861. 12mo. pp. 131.*

† *Scènes et Tableaux de l'Histoire Évangélique. Par HIPPOLYTE MOUCHON, Pasteur. Paris: Meyrueis. 1862. 12mo. pp. iv., 253.*

nominally of the orthodox party. His orthodoxy, nevertheless, is of a very mild type, and, with the exception of a few phrases, there is nothing to indicate any sympathy with Calvinistic theories. Even where dogmatic discussion would seem to be natural, as in the sermon on "Gethsemane," there is a studied avoidance of any statement which might commit the author to a creed.

The style is often eloquent, but much oftener ambitious. There is no lack of confidence, certainly. The writer comes in with his evangelical volume, like Elihu in the poem of Job, to settle beyond doubt questions which the elders have not been able to decide. He rebukes the philosophers, the logicians, the critics; and professes to have found in his method of florid evangelical sketching the true and high secret of Christian instruction. It is a pity that a temper so kind and charitable should not have for its companion a thought more deep and wise. In mere expression these sermons are good, and, delivered by an orator, could doubtless, even in translation and in our American pulpits, be made very effective. But they belong to a class which is not of the first order. We give one extract, perhaps the most original statement in the volume:—

"We have ordinarily very false ideas in this regard; we believe that, when the Peters and the Johns followed Jesus Christ, they knew perfectly what he was and what he wished; we fondly imagine that the centurion and the Canaanite woman, the Samaritan leper and the adulteress, that Zaccheus and the good thief, all had upon the nature, the person, and the work of Jesus Christ notions as exact as we can have ourselves;—yes, that they were orthodox according to the confessions of faith of the sixteenth century. It is an immense delusion. All these men, of whom many are offered to us as models of faith, and who had over us the advantage of seeing with eyes of flesh the living person of Christ, had upon his moral person and his divinity very incomplete, if not very false ideas;—which proves, by the way, that, *if knowledge is one of the elements of faith, it is far from being the most important.*"

THE Life of Xavier has never been worthily written. Copious materials exist in the shape of his numerous letters, but no one until Mr. Venn* has cared to confute with his own words those who made his life as unreal as an Arabian Nights story. Instead of Xavier's converting a million of heathens in a few months, overthrowing hostile armies by a mere look, outfacing the most formidable perils in the Spice Islands, he never was exposed to serious danger; his ministrations being confined to the seacoast, where he was protected by the Portuguese navy. He was tempted, by possessing unlimited authority in all matters of religion, to adopt the maxim, that missionaries without muskets make no converts of any value. So he endeavored to advance the Gospel by the sword of the civil magistrate, by the terrors of persecution, and the bribes of worldly advantage. But his own letters show that the results of so much expenditure of money,

* The Missionary Life of Francis Xavier, from his own Correspondence. By HENRY VENN, Prebendary of St. Paul's. London: Longman. 1862.

such united and energetic action, such zeal and self-sacrifice, were exceedingly small. As he could not speak the native languages, his influence was confined to baptizing heathen infants by the thousand, and teaching the assembled young to commit the creed to memory. In the Spice Islands, where Christians existed before his arrival, he added to the baptism of children a general visitation of those already baptized, communicating with them as well as he could by interpreters. Only one Brahmin embraced Christianity, and he from the hope of being supported as a teacher. His mission to Japan was for commercial as well as religious purposes; and it was through this fatal taint that, less than ninety years after, Japanese Christianity was extinguished in blood, the reigning monarch believing that the native Christians had conspired with the Portuguese king to overthrow his government. If we may trust Xavier's own correspondence, this Royal Commissioner, Papal Nuncio, and Jesuit Director, with all his energy, generosity, fervor, loveliness of disposition, and self-sacrifice, accomplished nothing which puts Protestant missionaries to shame. He built his spiritual fabric upon the sandy foundation of secular authority; and prepared, in Japan especially, for the signal overthrow which defeated all his hopes at last.

IX Marsden's "*History of the Later Puritans*"* a clergyman of the Established Church shows that the best opportunity of uniting the mass of Englishmen in a modified liturgy was cast foolishly away at the accession of Charles the Second. He points out dispassionately the faults on both sides, dating back to the unhappy refusal of Baxter to become Cromwell's chaplain, which would have given Puritanism a more moderate course. He shows fully the mistake of Baxter and his Presbyterian friends in declining, with one exception, the bishoprics offered them by the restored king. He seems to believe that, had not the Covenant been insisted upon, a national Church might have been reconstructed in 1648; forgetting for a moment the duplicity of Charles, the bitterness of the ejected Episcopalians, the frenzy of the Fifth-Monarchy men, and generally the necessity of such a political storm's blowing itself out before there could be peace. The volume ends abruptly with the ejection of the Non-conformists, to whose virtues and sufferings Mr. Marsden does scanty justice; but whose removal from the ministry he shows to have been a national calamity, from which England recovered slowly and after many years.

Two years of the most important period in the ecclesiastical history of England are given by Mr. Stoughton,† with studied impartiality and painstaking minuteness, with the aid of fresh materials from the State Paper Department of the Public Record Office. Liberal quotations

* *The History of the Later Puritans*. By J. B. MARSDEN, M. A. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.

† *Church and State Two Hundred Years Ago*. By JOHN STOUGHTON. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1862.

are made by Mr. Stoughton from these reliable sources of history, as well as constant references to them; and while very anxious to correct the mistakes of previous historians, he is candid to admit that he may have committed similar errors himself. The lovers of spiritual liberty on both sides of the water will be grateful to one who has contributed in so truthful a spirit a most interesting chapter of church history. Abstaining from homily or disquisition, he has given a lifelike picture of the resurrection of English Episcopacy under Charles the Second; he has furnished a most convincing argument for freedom of conscience; and made a thorough vindication of the nobility of soul of those English Non-conformists from whom we derive our lineage and inherit our spiritual liberty.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

THE life of Mohammed and the doctrines of Islam, if still regarded with a certain wonder, have yet not failed to share in that steady contempt with which the West now looks back upon the East. Nevertheless, there is something in the character of Mohammed, as in the diffusion of the religion of which he claimed to be the prophet, which will never cease to possess a permanent interest or to reward a careful study. A phenomenon in human history, solitary, portentous, inexplicable, confusing us by its contradictions, and overshadowing us with its vastness, the origin and the career of Islamism alike invite the ingenuity they baffle and elude the learning they task. More than a hundred millions of men — one tenth of the human race — cherish to-day a belief in the doctrines of the Arabian Prophet. From the banks of the Ganges to the valleys of the Danube, — through this vast Oriental world, with its many races and its diverse speech, with its traditions of civilization and its inheritance of barbarism, — sullen, gloomy, fanatic, sweeping slowly on to decay, there is but one hope, one fear, one destiny, one religion, — one quivering chord of life, one great tumultuous heart.

An historical investigation into the life of Mohammed must of necessity soon become a philosophical study of his religion, if the past is to serve us in explaining the present or in forecasting the future. And therein lies at once the difficulty and the fascination of the subject. The temporal power of Mohammed, of which it is easy to trace the origin and describe the growth, does not explain his religious influence, which it is as difficult to understand as to define. The facts of his life, as known to us, — and nothing, perhaps, remains now to be discovered, — fail to dispel the obscurity which has ever shrouded his personal character. Mr. Muir, in his recent elaborate work, in which all the learning of the subject is displayed with equal ability and zeal, takes refuge in the theory that he was possessed of a devil after the Scriptural manner, which drove him blindly to his work; while Mr. Carlyle, on the other hand, finds in him only another example of that heroic element by which all human greatness is accomplished and explained. Sprenger, however, adopts a more general theory, less definite and less dramatic; yet one which better harmonizes, perhaps, the conflicting facts of his life, and more easily explains the peculiar

tendencies of his religion. "My investigations," he writes, "have resulted in the conviction that Islamism sprang, not from the will of man, but from the necessities of the time." A long residence in India, and a patient study of the sources of Arabic literature, a singular familiarity with the character of the Eastern mind, — with its mysticism and vagueness, with its spiritual cravings and its underlying pantheism, — together with a certain freedom from prejudice and a critical yet philosophic temper, cannot fail to give authority to his opinions, while they assure the accuracy of his facts. But a more clumsy book than his "*Life and Doctrine of Mohammed*" * was, doubtless, never put together. Ambitious at once to attract the general reader, and to satisfy the Oriental scholar, the author has added to the chapters of the general narrative vast appendices of abstruse, and, as he confesses, often irrelevant matter, — in the hope thus better to reproduce the age of which he treats, thus to construct, as it were, a background for the picture which he aspires to paint. A difficult plan, — of which we have only to say, that the author breaks down wholly in the execution. Yet he may rightly claim the merit of having, in a degree, enlarged our knowledge of the age of Mohammed and of the origin of Mohammedanism, if not the greater honor of breaking the ground for a fresher and fuller study, for a juster and more philosophical contemplation, of the religion and literature, of the manners and morals and mode of thought, of the Arab races and the Eastern world.

"*Islâm* is the verb, and *Moslim* the participle, from the same root from which is derived the well-known word *Salâm*, health, peace. *Islâm* means, therefore, to render one content, and that through *submission*." The key-note of Mohammedanism is, indeed, *subjection* — to one creed and one ritual. A dogmatic, proselytizing religion, — confounding forms with faith, relentless and cruel in its assertion, corrupt and barbarous in its exercise of power, — Islamism went hand in hand with Oriental Christianity in extinguishing the last remains of the more genial philosophy of paganism, and in delivering the world over to a thralldom of superstition which still threatens its progress and still darkens its life. "At its first appearance by no means a dry, philosophical system," says Sprenger, "not even a seeking after truth, but a religion of ceremonies, of ascetic practices and superstition," Islamism has preserved the character, and illustrated the influence, of a stern, unyielding faith, which, in commanding homage, will not permit inquiry, — the same to all lands and all generations, out of the reach of change, nothing if not divine. The moment it ceased to spread, it began to perish. The fire which it kindled in the soul for aggressive activity, for swift and terrible conquest, consumed itself in the wasting apathy of peace. A civilization developed only by war or by material progress turns to barbarism when the outlets of its mental life are choked by the rubbish of worn-out creeds, or barred by the power of an arro-

* Das Leben und die Lehre des Mohammad nach bisher grösstentheils unbenutzten Quellen bearbeitet von A. SPRENGER. Erster Band. Berlin: Nicolais'sche Verlagsbuchhandlung. (G. Parthey.) 1861.

gant faith. Thus it is with Islamism to-day. Decrepid, tottering, doomed, it writes its own story of decay, while it reads to us a weighty lesson on the impotence of dogmas to preserve a religion, and the inevitable tendency of fanaticism to destroy a nation.

In its intensity and its corruption, in its ceremonial and its superstition, Mohammedanism exhibits at once the impassioned character and the degrading arts of its founder. Yet to deny that Mohammed was a prophet is not to prove him an impostor. Without question, there were in him the elements of a strange power, the tokens of a mysterious influence; for thus to sway the faith of men, to lead captive the souls of nations, is evidence of a mightier genius than the conquest of states or the founding of empires. To affirm that he was an impostor ensnared by his own devices, will account for his marvellous success as little as it will accord with his peculiar mission. Less than a prophet and more than an impostor, he was a man of soaring ambition, of vast capacity, and of terrible will. The religious element in his character — nurtured by all the subtle influences which pervade a nation's life when it first awakes to the consciousness of a new career, and is struggling with a sense of a loftier destiny, and developed by the cravings and the necessities of the time, which he alone could foresee and fathom — assumed at last the mastery of his life, and swept him on in his daring career, the incarnation, as it were, of the spirit of his age, the instrument of its superstition, and the victim of its delusion.

The peculiar hallucination under which Mohammed labored has been made by Sprenger the subject of an exhaustive and not unsatisfactory inquiry. He finds it to have been a psychological disease, aggravated or accompanied or caused by physical disorder, exhibiting itself in visions and convulsions, in feverish transports and vague utterances. "Glowing enthusiasm allied with vulgar cunning, pure devotion to a higher aim united with grovelling selfishness, obsequiousness, even dependence upon others, accompanied with obstinacy and craft, acquiescence with treachery, — such are some of the contradictory psychical symptoms of the disease under which Mohammed labored." It is a disease known by various names, not infrequent with women, but more rarely found among men. Schönlein calls it *hysteria muscularis*. It manifests itself for the most part in paroxysms, with a contraction and expansion of the muscles when the attack is slight, — the lips and tongue trembling as if wanting to taste something, the eyes rolling, and the head moving automatically, — the convulsion being in some cases subject to the will, but in severer attacks wholly independent of it. Mohammed suffered also, it is affirmed, from pains in the head (*hysteria cephalica*), — followed by catalepsy when the paroxysm was violent, — falling upon the ground like one intoxicated, his face red, his breath drawn with difficulty, snorting "like a camel." But he does not appear in these cases to have lost his consciousness; and in that respect these attacks differed from epilepsy. It was directly after these "visitations of the angel," it is to be remembered, that he delivered always to those who stood about him one of his revelations from

Heaven. It is thus, also, that his irresistible tendency to sensuality in his later life — symptom and proof of his psychical disease — is reconciled with the fact of his earlier virtue.

To pass, in this state of trance, from the seeing of visions to the uttering of prophecies, is a natural and easy process. Yet it is not pretended, even by Sprenger, that Mohammed was not at first aware of the utter falsehood of the communications which he delivered as divine. Driven on by the secret impulses of the age; overcome with the grandeur of the mission to which he was appointed; mistaking the passions with which he was inflamed for the inspiration he craved; reckless, daring, subtle, — he preserved, in the midst of his delusions, in all the confusion of his teeming fancies, in all the disorder of his wild ambition, that steadiness of purpose, that marvellous wisdom, that just conception of the tendency of the age and of the wants of his nation, and that absorbing identification of his mind with its will, of his will with its will, — that profound understanding of the influences which controlled it, of the passions which deformed and the virtues which ennobled it, — which would have made him one of the greatest of sovereigns, if he had not succeeded in becoming one of the greatest of reformers. As he grew to manhood and came forward into life, six centuries had elapsed since the birth of Christ; and during that period Christianity had failed to escape many of the corruptions of the paganism it assailed. Its simple doctrines were perverted, its spirit almost destroyed, by the dreary refinements or the baser superstitions to which it was subjected or exposed. In Arabia it had made but insignificant progress, already encumbered as it was with theological machinery too obscure for the easy comprehension or the satisfactory solace of those fiery sons of the desert, who, in the midst of their idolatries, had never wholly lost sight of the Jewish conception of One God. Christianity had to plant itself in the hearts of the nations it subdued. Mohammedanism was already existing. It was but roused by Mohammed to a newer life, — quickened by a fresher impulse. The fire, once kindled, spread rapidly and far. The heart of the East throbbed fast. Fired by the visions of the future which opened upon their fevered eyes, the armies of the Prophet swept over Western Europe, till, struck down in their drunken career by Charles Martel, they reeled away forever. It is thus, in the previous history of Arabia, in the religious condition of its people, that the chief explanation of Mohammed's success is to be found. Other men may have been as great, but the sphere was wanting for the exhibition of their power. Revolutions which are to have a significance in the history of the world, which mark phases of progress and constitute epochs of change, never fail to develop remarkable characters, — to perplex us again with the mystery of genius. But without this world-wide meaning, a revolution is but a whirlwind or a disease, and dies away from the memory of man as swiftly as it came. Thus in all this long history of the East, among these ancient races, through these countless ages, there is but one name to attract, one career to instruct us, — the life of Mohammed and the doctrines of Islam.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE Canadian government commissioned Professor Hind to examine the country between Lake Superior and Selkirk settlement, to establish a route across our continent wholly within the British dominions; especially, to investigate the resources of the valleys of the Red River and the Saskatchewan. The work fell into the right hands.* The learned Professor seems to have enjoyed his experiences of frontier life, to have let no opportunity of knowledge escape him, and to have satisfied his own mind of the feasibility of regular communication between the Atlantic and Pacific without passing through any part of the United States. He gives the impression of an immense and unoccupied region in the Northwest, with a soil generally productive, fields yielding without manure fifty bushels of wheat to the acre, streams readily traversed by the laden canoe, and prairies offering no unusual obstacles to the passage of heavy wagons or the transmission of a regular mail. The Indians seem generally friendly; the climate healthful; the hardships no more than belong to all pioneers; the scenery very various, and sometimes very beautiful. But when the winter thermometer sinks forty degrees below zero, the aspect of things must change entirely, and the prospect of reclaiming this vast wilderness must seem hopeless indeed. Evidently, the game is rapidly decreasing, and, with the disappearance of his main stay, the Indian will disappear too; without whose guidance and help these immense rivers and trackless prairies would be impassable. Besides this, the demands of commerce appear to have settled the matter, and taken advantage of the Mississippi River for the transaction of the immense business of the Hudson's Bay Company, now employing 100,000 Indian hunters, and extending its sway across 4,500,000 square miles of territory. On the 1st of June, 1860, a weekly express began to run from St. Paul, the head of river navigation on the Mississippi, to Fort Garry on the Red River; and its enterprising conductors engage to transport goods from England in bond, and deliver them at this remote trading-post, occupying but nine days in the passage from river to river. This easy, regular, and rapid communication is to Professor Hind's route like a summer picnic to a voyage round the world.

Professor Hind's narrative is, of course, full of scientific details: he would have failed entirely of his purpose had he endeavored to make merely a pleasant book of adventures; but the second volume especially has attractive views of Indian life, and the whole is superbly illustrated and enriched with maps and indexes so as to be a work of standard value, unsurpassed in its kind. One peculiarity of the Professor's views is his faith in the reclamation of the Indians through wise missionary effort. He holds it to be established that compact reservations surrounded by whites favor Indian civilization, and even secure their increase. He depends chiefly on the school-house for success.

* Narrative of the Canadian Red River Exploring Expeditions of 1857 and 1858. By HENRY Y. HIND, Professor in Toronto College. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1860.

arch,

o ex-
nt, to
min-
Red
nds.*
fron-
ed to
ation
art of
d un-
tive,
acre,
g no
ssion
mate
the
the
ct of
vast
oidly
dian
ense
the
aken
ense
dian
ter-
from
Fort
e to
note
iver.
ind's

: he
ake
spe-
rily
k of
Pro-
wise
rva-
cure
cess.

1858.
ong-

He would give every head of a family a fixed portion of land ; would keep them away from the stations of fur-traders ; would banish intoxicating liquors, and gradually extinguish the organization of tribes. These safeguards, under the quickening influence of an intelligent, devoted missionary, would, he thinks, save the Indians from disappearing entirely, and even recruit their numbers, and enable them to take a place with the civilized race upon the soil once exclusively their own.

WHATEVER else may be said of the *American Diary* of Mr. William H. Russell,* no one can deny that it is a very interesting book. Its conclusions will not be palatable to many on this side of the ocean ; nor will all its criticisms to fair-minded men seem perfectly just. But, on the whole, the reasonable verdict of candid readers will be, that it is in most particulars a truthful book. Perhaps the open mention of so many names is not in the best taste ; and it is hardly a fit return for hospitalities to show so widely the faults and eccentricities of distinguished men. There is nothing in the book, however, to show that, in all the large gallery of portraits which this book contains, the author has intended to draw any one with exaggerated traits, or to gratify his spite by making an enemy ridiculous. He may be accused of ingratitude and of impudence in these minute personal sketches, but he cannot be justly accused of partiality.

A great merit of this book, in our judgment, is its bluff English honesty and manliness. Its author is not afraid to say just what he thinks, whether it offend or not. In fact, he only says openly what most of us say in private, only chastises in vigorous rhetoric what we confess as our shame and almost as our despair. The American convulsion is no proof of the unsoundness or the failure of democratic institutions,—even of our particular form of federal union ; yet we can hardly blame an Englishman, in the view of the events of the last two years, for coming to such a conclusion. It is to be regretted that the ablest writer who has described this country to Englishmen in these last years should have failed to visit “the swarming communities and happy homes of the New England States.” Such a visit might have mitigated the severity of his judgment concerning the land.

In one respect, the impression of Mr. Russell’s book is very positive, and to us very satisfactory. Its descriptions of Southern landscape, Southern manners, Southern life, and Southern men completely sustain all that Mr. Olmsted, Mr. Kirke, or Mrs. Stowe have written. No kindness of reception, no show of the comforts of plantation life, no logic of aristocracy, no conviction of the greater fitness of negro labor for the culture of sugar, rice, and cotton, could prevail to warp the moral sense of one who saw in slavery, even in its best form, only a solecism, a wrong, and a lie. If the North get little comfort from the prophecies of this book, the South get no support whatever ; it is a damaging blow to its cause, and must turn aside from it the sympathies of thousands which it had almost secured.

* *My Diary, North and South.* By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL. Boston : T. O. H. P. Burnham. 1863. 12mo. pp. 602.

IN the little book entitled "*Hellas*," * which bears the imprint of a new publishing house in Cambridge, Mr. Thomas Chase, formerly Tutor in Harvard College, gives the story of a tour in Greece, made nearly ten years ago, in the summer of 1853. In a country so progressive as Greece, and where political changes come so rapidly, prophecies of the future seem as uncertain as sketches of the present condition of things. Mr. Chase's chapter on the Modern Capital and Kingdom is wisely short and vague. He went rather to see the land and the ruins of Greece, than to see the court of Otho or the *cafés* of Athens. His stay in the land was only long enough to make a few and somewhat hurried excursions, not long enough to study the monuments minutely or make very accurate observations. His enthusiasm is very charming and sincere. We have to regret, however, that the enthusiasm does not accompany some new discovery or information, and that his notes add nothing to what was well known before.

THE idea of a series of children's books on Egypt and Syria is excellent. Dr. Eddy has some special gifts for carrying out that idea. His style of writing is easy and familiar. He has travelled in the East, too, and can tell what he has seen. And he has the good taste, moreover, to refrain from preaching, from intrusive moral reflections, and from pious sentimentalism. The first instalment of his series of six volumes † promises well for those which are to follow. It takes very much from its value, however, as a book of travel in Egypt, that it leaves out wholly the Nile voyage, — the boat-life, — the ruined cities, tombs, and temples, — the extraordinary varieties of birds, — in fact, gives very little of the larger and the most interesting part of the land. It is hardly worth while for half a dozen persons to go to Egypt as first-class passengers merely to ride on donkeys and to climb the great Pyramid. And at the close, the impression is left that the result of the visit is immensely disproportioned to its outlay.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MR. BULFINCH's well-known "*Age of Fable*" and "*Age of Chivalry*" are now followed by the "*Legends of Charlemagne*." ‡ Externally the book is much handsomer than the former ones, and doubtless will prove in the contents of it equally valuable and interesting. This excellent series is one which the elders should see that the young people have on their book-shelves. Messrs. Tilton & Co., who deserve much credit for the elegance of this volume, have published a new edition of the *Age of Fable*, in uniform style with it.

* *Hellas: her Monuments and Scenery*. By THOMAS CHASE, M. A. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1863. 16mo. pp. 220.

† *Walter's Tour in the East*. By DANIEL C. EDDY, D. D. *Walter in Egypt*. New York: Sheldon & Co.

‡ *Legends of Charlemagne; or, Romance of the Middle Ages*. By THOMAS BULFINCH. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

THE Poems of Adelaide A. Procter* were favorably known through the newspapers before any collection was published in this country. The volume just issued, in the favorite blue and gold, is one of those rare collections in which it is difficult to find anything vapid or weak. Miss Procter's poems have a vigor, grace, and wealth of imagery which certainly place the author far above any living female poet. Her narrative poems, "A Tomb in Ghent," and "A Legend of Provence," with vivid coloring and clearness of outline, show very delicate skill of handling in their rhymed melody, with great sweetness and pathos of incident, and considerable dramatic effect.

A large proportion of the poems are perhaps sad in tone, but it is the sorrow through which we grow stronger and braver, rather than a weakening or depressing influence, — as, for instance, in the noble pathos of "True Honors." They are written in a spirit of warm sympathy with the poor and unfortunate, and of confident faith in the unseen and eternal, — in a spirit of love to man and of serene confidence in God most refreshing to meet. The religious poems, in particular, are exquisite, — among the most beautiful types of that Catholic piety which is illustrated in many parts of the volume, and is made the special burden of the closing part.

EXQUISITE taste in selection and beauty of execution make "The Golden Treasury" † well worthy of its winning title. The choicest lyrics of the English language are arranged in four periods, not in strict chronological order, but after some subtile association of poetic fancy. The selection excludes living poets. It is inscribed to Alfred Tennyson, whose name, as well as the compiler's own statement of his purpose, is a guaranty for the quality of the poetic judgment that has presided in the selection. As a gift-book, at once inexpensive, beautiful, and of perennial value, it has no rival.

* The Poems of ADELAIDE A. PROCTER. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† The Golden Treasury of the Best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language. Selected and Arranged, with Notes, by FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 16mo. pp. 405.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, newly translated and explained from a Missionary Point of View. By the Rt. Rev. J. W. Colenso, Bishop of Natal. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 261. (Characterized by directness and plainness of thought, simplicity of style, and a peculiar sweetness and sincerity of spirit. The dogma of everlasting punishment is argued against, at length and earnestly, in the notes on Chap. VIII.)

The Life of Our Lord upon the Earth, considered in its Historical, Chronological, and Geographical Relations. By Samuel J. Andrews. New York: Charles Scribner. (A series of minute discussions as to the detailed exposition of the narrative; apparently well posted in the recent literature of the subject, but with no criticism going behind the text.)

Transition; a Remembrance of Emma Whiting. By H. S. Carpenter. New York: Carleton. 12mo. pp. 179.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Essays. By Henry Thomas Buckle. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author, and Photographic Portrait. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 209. (The Sketch is ambitious in style and disappointing in substance. The leading Essay is on Mr. Mill's writings; and chiefly valuable as illustrating the writer's genuine earnestness as a champion of intellectual freedom.)

The National Almanac and Annual Record for the Year 1863. Philadelphia: George W. Childs. 12mo. pp. 698. (A manual of extraordinary completeness, showing every evidence of care and fidelity in preparation; for general reference both convenient and indispensable; its chronicle of events brought down to December 31, 1862; especially valuable for its very full digest of United States Laws since December 1860, and for its record of all matters pertaining to the military force of the nation, and the history of the rebellion.)

A Second Book in Geometry. By Thomas Hill. Reasoning upon Facts. Boston: Brown and Tileston. 12mo. pp. 136. (An accomplished mathematician, President Hill is much more besides. His volume will be found very suggestive and valuable, especially to two classes, — teachers, who need such aids to widen their range of thought, and thoughtful learners, who are pursuing their studies without an instructor, and need to be shown why and how the study is of use. As a text-book for classes, we doubt if it will supersede manuals very inferior to it in intellectual value.)

A Talk with my Pupils. By Mrs. Charles Sedgwick. New York: John Hopper. 12mo. pp. 235. (Sober, but genial; among the best books of practical counsel to the young, and excellently illustrated with examples.)

The Institutes of Medicine. By Martin Paine. Seventh edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 1130.

The Soldier's Book; a Pocket Diary for Accounts and Memoranda. New York: Samuel Colman. (Conveniently and skilfully arranged, and highly recommended.)